
REINARD.

THE

F O X.

REINARD

THE

F.O.X.

K Reineke Fuchs

THE
Crafty Courtier :
OR THE
F A B L E
OF
R E I N A R D
THE
F O X:

Newly done into *English Verse*,
FROM THE
Antient Latin Iambics of Hartm. Schopperus,
And by him Dedicated to
Maximilian then Emperor of Germany.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1706.

THE

GRAND

OR THE

FAIR

OF THE

REVENUE



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Names

Names of Animals occurring in this Work.

K ing, <i>Cæsar</i> ,	L ION.
Majesty,	Leopard.
Pard,	Bear.
Bruin,	Wolf.
Isgrim,	She-Wolf.
Giremot,	Fox.
Reinard,	She-Fox.
Emily,	Foxes Two
Reineke, and	the Whelps.
Rossil,	Cat.
Malkin,	Badger.
Grevincus,	Cock.
Gallus,	Hen.
Gallena,	Two Cockrels.
Creantius, and	Hound.
Cantertius;	Husbandman.
Springer,	Ass.
Collin,	
Grumble,	

THE
Crafty Courtiers,
OR THE
FABLE of the FOX.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

ARGUMENT.

*The LION thro' his Realms decrees
A Festival, and solemn Peace:*

His Subjects far and near resort,

And croud their Passage to his Court.

The wily FOX some danger ghes'd,

Suspects it, and avoids the Feast.

NOR Arms I sing, nor of Adventurous
Deeds,
Nor Shepherds playing on their Oaten
Reeds,

B

But

2 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

But civil Fury, and invidious Strife,
With the false Pleasures of a Courtiers Life.

To whom ye *Muses*, will my Theme belong,
And whom, shall I invoke to aid my Song?
Thalia! sprightly'st of the sacred *Nine*,
For Gayety and Mirth, 'tis said are thine,
Thee, to direct me in my Task I choose,
Protect the Fable, and inspire the Muse.

Now, in her Glory did the Spring appear,
And the glad *Hind* beheld the coming Year:
Leaves cloath the Trees, and Flowers the Fields
adorn,
And chearful Birds salute the rosie Morn.
When the fierce L I O N from the Throne ordains
Peace, to the various Nations of the Plains.

His

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 3

His Will the Heralds, and a Feast proclaim,
Invite alike the Savage and the Tame.

BRUIN and ISGRIM, Princes of the Wood,
For Beasts too boast their Quality and Blood. 20

The PARD, descended of the Royal Race,
Approach'd the Throne, and took an envy'd Place:

The BADGER next, and then the Vulgar came;
Beasts without Number, and without a Name.

For these a mighty Banquet is prepar'd,
To celebrate the Peace so late declar'd.

RENARD invited as a Fav'rite Guest,
Was only missing at the Royal Feast:

Conscious of Guilt, the Coward kept at Home,
Pretended he was sick, and cou'd n't come: 30

Himself he knew unworthy, or was loth
To venture farther on a Tyrant's Oath.

The Tables spred, the flowing Bowls go round,
Healts to the King from ev'ry Room resound.

4 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

They more familiar as they drunker grow,
And ISGRIM rails against his absent Foe :
The Fox's Treasons he asserts at large,
The Many shout him, and approve the Charge.

CHAP. II.

ISGRIM encourag'd with applause,
Informs how RENARD breaks the Laws,
His Thefts are told, and his Deceit,
And how he kiss'd his Neighbour's Mate.
Thus absent Favourites oft give place
To those who covet their Disgrace.

UP ISGRIM rose, and bowing to the Throne,
He thus, when silence was proclaim'd,
begun,

Hear me, O Majesty August ! To whom
Your Subjects for Relief, and Justice come ;

Hear

Book I. *or, the F O X, &c.* 5

Hear my Complaint, our common Wrongs redress,
And as you're great in War, be good in Peace :
When Knaves your Edicts, and our Rights invade,
'Tis yours to vindicate the Laws you made.
The Miscreant R E N A R D by dishonest Wiles,
Has rob'd my Children of their lawful Spoils : 10
His Tricks so frequent, and his Thefts so great,
Words can't express 'em, nor describe the Cheat.
My Wife, and once, alas ! my loyal Spouse,
Joy of my Heart, and Solace of my House,
The Villain from her Duty has betray'd,
And temptred to defile the Nuptial Bed ;
Nor sought in Caves, nor in the silent Night,
My Shame to cover, and their lewd Delight :
To the whole Village, they my Wrongs display,
And act their Folly in the Face of Day, 20
From Justice and Revenge he nimbly fled,
Crept to his Hole, and hid his guilty Head.

6 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The black Indictment shou'd I still pursue,
And set the Record of his Life in view,
Whole Volumes with his Crimes, I might complete,
His Lewdness, Robberies and vile Deceit ;
But this in little, Sir, will let you see,
How much h'as slighted You, and injur'd Me.

He said — And SPRINGER of the Beagle Race,
The least, yet loudest, at the Harriet Chace ; 30
A *Shower* for Noise, for Impudence a *Sloane*,
Got up and pleaded for the pilfer'd Bone.
Twas the fair Pillage of his Master's Board,
Which RENARD stole, as SPRINGER, from his Lord.

This MALKIN heard, a Puss of high Renown,
And purr'd, and bristl'd up, and then begun.
O King ! before thee, when thy Slaves appear,
The Mighty'll tremble, and the Wisest fear.

The

Book I. *or, the F O X, &c.* 7

The F O X a Villain is by all confest,
A Thief, a Lecher, and a fraudulent Beast ;
But others may be prov'd as bad as he,
What R E N A R D from the D O G, he stole from me :
The C U R wou'd quickly be as apt in ill,
Had he the Cunning, as he has the Will.

Next B R U I N rous'd, the Terror of the Wood,
Urg'd by his Cruelty and Lust of Blood :
With Grievances and Losses not his own,
And hoarse Complaints, he thus address'd the
Throne.

Things more important you from me shall hear,
Worth a King's Anger, and a Prince's Care : 50
In lively Colours, while the F O X I paint,
A Fiend I'll prove him, whom you think a Saint.
His Father hang'd, his Mother we are told
Was burnt for Sorcery, or dy'd in Hold.

8 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

To thieving from his Infancy inur'd,
The Itch can only with a Rope be cur'd.
Oft has he wisht You with your Fathers laid,
And vows to Hell for your Destruction paid.
Expecting by his Wiles, if You were gone,
To gain the Croud, and get into the Throne. 60
A harmless CONEY on the publick Fame
Of peace, to your Imperial City came:
The FOX perceiv'd him starting in the Throng,
And smiling ask'd, if he wou'd learn a Song:
The Rascal promis'd he would make him sing,
To charm the Court, and entertain the King,
The finest manner, and the newest Airs,
Or solemn Musick, or to chant at Pray'rs,
To shake with so much Excellence and Grace,
That, *Abel* peevish, he might take his Place. 70
The Fool believ'd him, and the Knave begun,
With seeming Skill to set his Pipes in tune:

He

Book I. or, *the FOX*, &c. 9

He taught his Cully an *Italian* Note,
And warbling as he was, he seiz'd his Throat.
At distance laughing at the Farce I stood,
Till seeing 'twas so like to end in Blood.
I help'd the Coney in his dire Distress,
And beg'd, and threaten'd for the Fool's Release:
Still on his Throat, the fatal Wounds appear,
And the Wretch stands ready to shew 'em here. 80
Who from the Villains Treasons is secure?
The Richest he deceives, and robs the Poor,
The Weak he murders, and betrays the Strong,
Your Crown's in danger if he's suffer'd long.
For Justice with a general Voice we cry.
The Croud with loud Applauses rend the Sky,
And all repeated, **LET THE TRAITOR DIE.** }

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

*The BADGER to the FOX ally'd,
With Courage to his Foes reply'd.
When all disown'd him, or forsook
A desperate Cause; he undertook
To prove by Accusation grave,
That ISGRIM was the greater Knave.*

THE Generous BADGER in a just disdain,
To hear the lowdest of the Pack complain,
Amid their Cries, demanded to be heard,
And timely to defend the FOX, appear'd.
Then thus GREVINUS——
Base as ye are—were RENARD in his Place,
And able to accept our Monarch's Grace,
Ye durst not with your Lies abuse the Throne,
Nor vouch another's Fault to hide your own.
Thou, ISGRIM, now so clamorous and loud,
Hast found him friendly, and confest him good. 10
The

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 11

The Cunning thou upbraid'st has often serv'd
Thy craving hunger, or thou else hadst starv'd.
Well thou remembreſt when a lab'ring Swain
Drove thro' the Village with his laden Wain;
With Food 'twas fraught and R E N A R D lay in wait
To feaſt thee with his Fiſh, the precious Freight,
His Limbs he ſtiffen'd and he droop'd his head,
The Hind obſerv'd it, and believ'd him dead:
Aloſt he threw him on his Cart, and he
Flung out the Booty that he got to thee.
A Pig ſoon after he deſign'd to roaſt,
Which many bitter Bites and Perils coſt;
The Herdsman and his Dogs the ſeizure ſpy'd
And Fortune favour'd, or the Fox had dy'd.
This in his abſence, from his Spit you tore,
And from an honeſt Hoſt, in treaſon bore.
So known thy Crimes, 'tis needleſs to enlarge,
Enough, are ready, to confirm the Charge.

Thy

12 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Thy Wife's a Jilt, and we in thee behold
Not the *first Cuckold*, but the *first that told*;
Has RENARD wrong'd her, let thy Spouse appeal,
Tho' she's taught better than to kiss and tell,
Thou BRUIN, by thy boasted birth so high,
Methinks shouldst know, 'tis infamous to lie.
Has not the FOX, as other Masters have,
A right to whip his Scholar or his Slave?
Besides the CONEY bound himself by Oath,
To be his Servant and his Scholar both;
To make him wiser, was it not allow'd,
That RENARD, like the rest, might use the Rod?
Powder'd and drest, you'd have his Prentice go,
His Boy behind him like the City Beau.
My Friend would mend him, tho the Lad is dull,
Nor took his Gold to bring him up a Fool;
To game, to revel, and to wear a Sword.
To scour, to wench, and fop it with my Lord,

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 13

One Coxcomb in a Town he thinks enough,
And not to ruin him, he must be rough.

SPRINGER complains, he has been rob'd; a Fool,
What right can he pretend to what he stole?

To plead for Thieves our topping Lawyers loath,
And CUR and CAT are thought no better both.

RENARD all pillage from his Soul abhors;
But the fair plunder of our righteous Wars.

What can you envy in his humble State?

It rather moves your Pity than your Hate:

Plain is his Dress, his Morals are severe,

His Tables thinly spread, and coarse his Fare:

His Seat paternal and his spacious Fields,

With the rich Vintages his Vineyard yields, 60

Freely to pious Uses he has given;

To live recluse, and only think of Heav'n.

Thus

14 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

Thus spoke GREVINUS — till he stopt him
short,

To see a sad Procession in the Court :

GALLUS his Sons, and Neighbours by his Side
Advanc'd lamenting, and for Justice cry'd :

GALLENA murder'd, on a Bier was laid,
Of a late Wound which RENARD gave her, dead:

CHAP. IV.

*With weeping Eyes, and bended Knees,
To raise Compassion, or increase,
The Father sighs, the Children groan;
And GALLUS then his Tale begun:
King LION speedy Vengeance vow'd,
And thunder'd Justice to the Croud.*

THE Cock before the King's Tribunal stood,
Impatient to revenge his Daughters blood.

CREANTIUS his belov'd and eldest born,
As early up and sprightly as the Morn;

And

Book I. or, the FOX, &c. 15

And next CANTERTIUS, iunocent and young,
Fam'd for his Beauty, and a tuneful Song,
Bemoan their Father, and with equal Zeal,
A Sister's Fate, and his in hers bewail.
Then GALLUS—Monatch of our Plains, behold
A loyal Subject, wretched as he's old;
Rob'd of his Children, dearer than his Life,
Born of a careful, and a loving Wife,
Twelve stately Sons, and Twenty Daughters fair,
Our nuptial Blessings, to my Youth she bare;
I bred 'em well, and in an Abbots Yard,
Six friendly *Mastiffs* were their chosen Guard:
Part watch'd 'em in the nighr, and part by Day,
From Thieves defended 'em, and Beasts of prey.
This RENARD saw, and often walk'd his Rounds,
To spy if any stragled from their Bounds;
Their Safety he perceiv'd with envious Eyes,
And thought no more to win them by Surprise.

At

16 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

At last his Policy, profane and foul,
Drest like a Monk, and cover'd with a Cowl,
He brought your Royal Mandate for the Peace,
That Feuds, and Fear, and hostile Acts should cease;
I heard your high Commands with dutious Aw,
The Seal Imperial, to confirm it, saw:
For me — the wily Thief demurely said,
I'm weary of the wicked Life I led;
Penance and Prayer, my future Task shall be,
From Care and every worldly Passion free;
Cool Herbs shall be my Food, and those no more
Than Charity will give the pious Poor;
A forg'd Certificate the Rascal shew'd
To prove him enter'd in the Brotherhood;
And when the Chappel-Bell for Vespers rung,
His Beads he tumbled and devoutly sung:
I heard, believ'd him and inform'd my Spouse,
Who spread the Tidings o're the joyful house;

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 17

The Peace decreed, with transport we obey,
The Gates fly open, and the Mastiffs play.
This Hour of Liberty the Cheat employs,
Devours my Daughters, and my Sons destroys:
These only left me from his bloody Rage,
The rest he murder'd in their blooming Age:
GALLENA last—O dear unhappy Maid!
I lov'd thee living, as I mourn'd thee dead;
Happy that I, thy Virgin Limbs could save,
And lay 'em in a chaste and quiet Grave.

18 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

CH A P. V.

*The King, in honour of the dead,
A pompous Funeral decreed :
His Sages then in Council plot,
How RENARD may to Court be brought :
And how their Prince, as Monarchs shou'd,
Might help the Poor, and tame the Proud.*

KING LION wept to see the bleeding
Maid,
And sternly frowning on GREVINCUS said,
We need not aggravate the Traitor's Crime,
Is't thus the new Monastick spends his Time ?
J O V E's Thunder and his Sovereign's he defies,
We'l bear his Insolence no more ; He dies.
First decently interr the beauteous dead,
And on the vile Assassin next proceed.

'Tis

Book I. or, the FOX, &c. 19

'Tis needless to relate the dismal Show,
Their Dirges and the various Pomp of Wo: 10
The Monarch, and his Guests on GALLUS wait,
And bear GALLENA to her Grave in State;
A Marble Tomb was o'r her Body rais'd,
And thus her Vertues by the Laureat prais'd.

E P I T A P H.

*Here lies Gallena young and fair,
Her Father's Hope, her Mother's Care;
Tho' Lovers many wish'd the Joy,
Unfeather'd yet she was and coy;
A painful Pullet, and a Maid,
And ev'ry Day she duly laid. 20*
*The Robber Renard was her Death,
He tore her with his bloody Teeth.
Tread lightly, Passenger, the Ground,
For fear thou touch again her Wound.*

20 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The Rites perform'd, the Politicians meet,
And how the Murd'rer may be caught, debate,
With Letters Mandatory fair in Show,
The Royal Messengers are bid to go:
All beg to be excus'd, at last the BEAR, 29
Whose Hate it seems was greater than his Fear,
The Message undertakes, and swears to bring
The Fraudful Criminal before the King.

CHAP. VI.

BRUIN of his new Office proud,
Grows vain, and jostles thro' the Croud;
He hopes this happy Turn of Fate
Presag'd him Minister of State;
As Justice fear'd by Parish-Thief,
Believes him fit to make a Chief.

THE Monarch willing to allow his Pray'r,
Holds out his Golden Scepter to the Bear;
Go

Book I. *or, the F O X, &c.* 21

Go, BRUIN, I command— but be advis'd,
Lest thou thy self art by the Chear surpriz'd:
Trust not his Flattery, nor artful Smiles,
'Tis shameful to be caught by common Wiles.

BRUIN, impatient of Advice, reply'd,
You shou'dn't doubt him whom you oft have try'd;
Hear me, ye Saints! and Thou O CESAR! hear,
If RENARD proves too cunning for the BEAR,
Earth open wide, and in her darksome Womb, I I
A Wretch unworthy of the Light, entomb.

He said— and gravely over Hills and Rocks,
He march'd with solemn Steps to find the F O X.
He travers'd many Wilds and rapid Floods,
Descended into Caves, and search'd the Woods;
The day thus spent, he rested him at Night,
And Morn advancing, saw the guilty Wight.

22

The Crafty Courtiers,

Book I.

20

Soul

30

The

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 23

The Sage talk little ; and he pass'd for such
With *Fops* whose Talent was to talk too much :
Yet with the Rabble he would mouth and roar,
And rail at Favourites, and Beasts in Pow'r.
Old as he was, he had an Itch to rise,
And fancy'd, were he try'd, he might be wise,
This was the First Adventure of the BEAR,
As fit for Policy, as fam'd in War. 40

The nearer as to RENARD'S Gate he drew,
Things seem'd more intricate, and Business new ;
He con'd a Speech, like some of ours in print,
A Fine Oration, tho't had nothing in't :
He thunders at the Door, and loudly calls
On RENARD, who salutes him from the Walls.
Then BRUIN— See, the King's August Command,
The Seal is his, and this is CESAR'S Hand :
But why this Diffidence ? Your Gates unbar,
You know 'tis Peace, and *I'm against the War.* 50

24 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The F O x discreetly answers, War or Peace,
Read there the King's Commission, if you please;
For antient Feuds have past 'twixt you and me,
But when we both are Safe, we may be Free.

The B E A R reply'd, his Majesty's displeas'd
That, first invited, you avoid the Feast;
Again you're summon'd, if you dare refuse
The Peace he offers, by his Throne he vows
To rack your Person, and to rase your House.

CHAP. VII.

RENARD to greet the BEAR descends,
And treats him as he does his Friends ;
His Health he wishes, and the King's,
And tells him many civil Things ;
Mean while the Courtier's in a Plot,
Most civilly to cut his Throat.
What Multitudes of Rogues we meet
In all Things like the FOX, but Wit ?

WHEN RENARD spy'd our Envoy was
alone,
He thought he was secure, and ventur'd down.
Your Pardon, noble BRUIN, says the Wight,
You've staid too long, but you'll excuse my
Fright ;
Soon as my Mattin Services were done,
To pay my Duty, as I ought, I run.

Heav'ns,

26 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Heav'ns! Who expected such a Guest as you,
Your former Favours, you in this renew;
Great was your Journey, and 'tis rare to see
Lords of your Rank, to visit such as Me; 10
A hearty Welcom to our homely Fare,
Is all your Excellence must look for here.

Th' Ambassador reply'd— my Time is short,
Pack up your Baggage, Sir, and march to Court,

If Health permits— to Morrow I'll away,
I hope they have not bound you to a Day:
By Pain and Sicknefs, I am brought so low,
Alas! I scarce have Strength enough to go;
My Stomach's weak, and I'm prescrib'd to eat
Gruels, and Sallads, and abstain from Meat; 20
Safe in my Cupboard, I've a hollow Bit,
As fine a Chick as ever turn'd on Spit,

This

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 27

This my grave Doctor who's a Graduate OWL,
Forbids me to dispatch, because 'tis Fowl.

BRUIN, whose Stomach now was empty
grown,

Already in his Fancy pick'd the Bone.

You're well provided, RENARD, quo' the BEAR.

Time was, My Lord, when I had more to
spare,

For since I cannot forage, as before,

I find my self at once both Sick and Poor;

Honey indeed, in plenty we have got,

But eating much of that the Colick brought, 30

It gripes me fore, and puffs me up with Wind,

Tho' else 'tis rich, and pleasant, in its kind;

Too luscious, and too sweet: If I might choose,

To my old Diet I would fall, a GOOSE.

Gods,

28 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Gods ! says the BEAR good Honey is a Dish,
Nice Feeders wou'd prefer to Flesh or Fish;
To Venison, Lobsters, or to Sturgeon's Spawn,
To Gellies by PONTACK, or Soups by BRAWN:
Ne'r shall the mighty Favour be forgot,
Kind Sir, If you'l ob'ige me with a Pot. 40

The FOX, well pleas'd to see that BRUIN took
The Bait so greedily, prepar'd the Hook :
He bow'd, and smiling, his Deccit pursu'd.

—— Since Honey to your Lordship is so good,
My Neighbour COLLIN has a Stock of BEES,
Whose Hives will furnish you with what you please,
Tho' HAMPSHIRE has the Name, his Combs
excel,

In Beauty, Colour, as in Tast and Smell,

'Tis

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 29

'Tis a short League, and we shall soon be there,
Your Servant, gentle R EN AR D, quo' the B EA R.

50

To C OL LI N's Orchard as they trudg'd along,
The F OX complains the People do him wrong ;
I SG RI M at Court, he says, has C ES AR's Ear,
And thinks it safest, not to venture there ;
His Excellence, he hopes, will plead his Cause,
And witness his Obedience to the Laws.

When curling Smoke, above the Trees was seen,
The Knave cry'd out, he had the Cot in Ken.

For C OL LI N's House was private, and alone,
Few came to see him, and he went to none : 60
His Market-penny, now and then, he spent,
Yet duly at the Feasts, he clear'd his Rent ;
What Rates he was assess'd, he freely paid,
And grumbled at no Tax, if fairly laid :

On

30 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

On Holidays, his Collar-Band he wears,
And foots it piously to Sunday Prayers.
The Vicar us'd to fuddle like the rest;
But COLLIN, loth to meddle with the Priest, }
Believ'd a Scholar knew his Duty best. }
His Mate a loving, and a painful Spouse, 70
Nere gadded it abroad, from House to House;
To bear, she neither lov'd, nor hear a Tale,
Nor truck her Scandal for her Neighbour's Ale.
Were COLLIN in the Field, the chearful Dame
Prepar'd the Meal against the Master came.
No Webs were on her Walls, no Dirt was seen,
And ev'ry Thing she had, tho' coarse, was clean.
Happy, Ah COLLIN! in thy humble State,
They oftner envy Thee, than Thou the Great.

CHAP. VIII.

*Lord BRUIN at the Cot arrives,
And joys to see the promis'd Hives.
The fragrant Honey-Comb he smells,
Resolv'd to rummage all the Cells;
Till, Ah! the sad effects of Sin;
His Heels are caught in COLLIN's Gins.
While RENARD grins, to see his Wiles
Succeed, and BRUIN in the Toils.
In Prison vile, he leaves him fast;
Much Bastinado'd, and Disgrac'd.*

L Earn, ye Ambitious, by a Courtier's Fate,
To shun the smiling Pleasures of the
Great.

The Golden Cup, you think, is Honey all;
Yet, tempting as it looks, 'tis mix'd with Gall.
In Jests and Stories RENARD spent the Day,
And shortn'd with his Mirth the Time and Way.

The

32 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The Sun was set, and now the Azure Skies
Began to darken, and the Stars to rise.
The Labo'rer wearied, to his Bed repairs,
His Rest unbroken by Disease or Cares. 10
There COLLIN lay, his Consort by his Side,
And Love and Sleep, the happy Night divide.
Now BRUIN and the FOX his Orchard reach,
And both survey the Ground to find a Breach.
In an old Oak, a venerable Shade,
The wary HIND a Gin of Wedges made:
The FOX perceives it, and accosts the BEAR.
Haste, seize the Treasure, Sir, I'm sure 'tis there,
Tho' first, you'll pardon me, if I pretend
To give you wholesome Counsel as a Friend. 20
Honey (by dire Experience I can tell)
Is windy Food, and very apt to swell;
A Lick or Two, may do your Lordship good,
But more, would gripe you, and corrupt your
Blood. The

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 33

The BEAR, whose Mouth was wat'ring at the
Pot,

Had something else to smell besides a Plot :
He thanks him hastily, and streight the Fool
Thrusts out his Snout, and dives into the Hole :
The Chasm soon clos'd, and a depending Log
Fell down, a Signal to the Farmer's Dog. 30

BRUIN entrap'd, his horrid Cries alarm
The peaceful Family, who rise and arm.

The Traitor merrily the Mischief saw,
And thus condoles his captivated Paw.
Blame not your Friend, I caution'd you, my Lord !
And with your Excellence had ta'ne my Word ;
Its Flatuous Quality I knew was such,
'Twou'd tear your Bowels if you eat too much,
How violently it works — ? It makes you roar,
Well, I protest I'll never taste it more. 40

D

With

With Irony malicious he went on,
Till COLLIN coming, he thought best to run:
He hies him home, and we must leave him there,
To see what happen'd to the Captive BEAR.

CHAP. IX.

COLLIN, who still was Young enough,
For Quarter-Staff, or Kick and Cuff;
And heartily would give or take
A Knock, or Fall, at Country-Wake.
Starts up without his Hose or Shoes;
And down he went to see what News
Where BRUIN in the Stocks he finds,
And runs to fetch the neighb'ring HINDS;
The Village Heroes, in their Beer
Resolve, and undertake the War.

COLLIN, whose Consort never slept unblest,
Had something more to do a-Bed than
Rest ; Wake-

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 19

Wakeing he lay, and thro' the Trees the Moon
Illustrious, in her Silver Glories shone.

The BEAR's hoarse Groans, the Barking of the
Dogs,

That watch'd his Granary and Roofs, from
Rogues,

Warn him to rouse, and up he gets, to know
What Danger threatn'd him or his below :

A Pickax for offensive Arms he held,
Undaunted sally'd out to scour the Field.

His Currs leap round him, and direct the Way,
Where BRUIN in Ignoble Bondage lay.

He left him fast, and to the Village ran,
To call his Friends, and so the War began.

He found his Neighbours smother'd in their Funk,
O're Parish Rights Impertinent, and Drunk.

The Justice and his Crew were sagely met,
To dust a Stand of Ale, and make a Rate

36 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

For Brats, too often got without a Bride:
And patching up old Cauſways to provide. 20
Where Warrant drawn, the Juſtice bids his Clerk
Affix the Seal, and then he ſets his Mark.
Thus COLLIN greets 'em, and their Courage
warms,

The BEAR is in the Gin, *to Arms, to Arms.*
His Worſhip, for his Wit, and Valour prais'd,
Said gravely No ——— the *Poſſe* muſt be rais'd.
By Law you cannot uſe, or Fork, or Spit,
Unleſs commiſſion'd by the Sheriff's Writ.
With Shouts alarm'd, the jolly Prieſt aroſe,
And next the Jilt, his temporary Spouſe. 30
For tho' to live a *Celibate* he ſwore,
He claim'd the Privilege to keep a Whore.
With Spindle arm'd, our *Amazon* came out,
The Vicar with a Brand, and joyn'd the Rout:

But

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 37

But First, as Canon bids, to heal the Breach,
He Cough'd, and made this reconciling Speech,
"Mark my Belov'd, and of your Steps take Care,
Your Cause is good, and we allow the War;
Yet Amicable ways you ought to try,
Perhaps the BEAR by Treaty may comply: 40
The greater haste you make, the worse your speed,
No Loss sustain'd the Pris'ner should be freed.
"Hence with your peaceful Doctrine, say the Mob,
Is't not enough the Villain came to Rob?
Then forth they rush'd, by Limping *Leonard* led,
And Carrot-Pated *Bob* and one-Ey'd *Ned*.
When BRUIN spy'd the Troop approaching
near,
His Native Strength increasing with his Fear;
Up by the Roots his Fetter'd Paw he tore,
Bruis'd, broken and obscene with clotted Gore: 50

22 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Part in the Gin, and part without remain'd,
That when he was enlarg'd, he scarce could stand.
COLLIN arriv'd, begins the fierce Attack,
And wickedly he mauls his rugged Back.
Leonard and *Bob*, fell thundring on his Bones,
Their Wives assaulting him with Showers of Stones.
Nymphs,—COLLIN's Brother, in his Liquor warm,
Struck with such Vigour that he strein'd his Arm.
A Pool of standing Water being by,
BRUIN makes to't, as fast as he could fly;
The Women hast to th' Bank to see him shake,
And in Confusion drop into the Lake:
The Priest, whose Doxy with the rest dropt in,
Pickled in Mud, and wading to the Chin;
Vows all their Livings shall from Tythe be clear,
If any one will save his Darling Dear:
In vain he promis'd high, for ev'ry Clown
Had work enough, he thought, to save his own.

The

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 23

The Vicar then, to his immortal Fame,
Leapt in, and out he haul'd the dripping Dame. 69
But ill she favour'd, for it seems the Pool
Of Filth distastful to the Nose was full.
BRUIN escap'd; the Women as in Fault
Are curst and threatned, that he was not caught.
Balkt of their Sport, they on each other stare,
And view the bloody Gin that held the *Bear*;
Securely on the distant Shoar he stood,
And from his hideous Throat disgorg'd the Mud.

CHAP. X.

*The FOX, who had no Tidings heard,
Bolts out see how BRUIN far'd.
He crept, in private, thro' the Meads,
And hid himself amongst the Reeds,
Where licking by the Lake his Wound,
The BEAR in doleful Dumps he found,
And bitterly the Knave revil'd him,
For Ills to which he had beguil'd him.*

RENARD secure, consider'd in his Fort,
How, without Danger, he might see
the Sport :

A COCKERIL from COLLIN'S Roost he stole,
Nor cook'd, nor carv'd, but he devour'd it whole.
He sally'd out to drink, a secret Way,
And came to BRUIN as he left the Fray.
A cruel Combat, tho' 'twas quickly done,
The BEAR much Peril, and the Women run :

They

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 41

They only suffer by the Chance of War,
Well drub'd was BRUIN, and well duckt the Fair:
No sooner RENAARD saw the Coast was clear, 11
Than out he rushes, and insults the Bear;
Safe in his Wounds, and in his Safety bold,
He grin'd, and thus, the Fool's Disgrace condol'd.

Tho' by your Looks, I find you have your Fill,
Your Chapman in your Price might use you ill:
If COLLIN came, his Avarice is such,
I know the Miser made you pay too much;
For grant, as I suppose, you lik'd his Ware,
Yet Gold, they tell us, may be bought too dear,
Or I've the Colour of your Robe forgot, 21
Or else 'tis turn'd, or quite another Coat,
For different from the Crimson Vest, I view,
'Twas *Irish* Frise, and of a Sable Hue;

Per.

26 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Perhaps you mean to leave us in the Lurch,
To quit the widow'd State, and wed the Church,
When Cap of Cardinal your Lot shall be,
I hope your Eminence will think of Me.
What clumsy Barber, with his Iron Saw
Has scrap'd your Chin, and scarified your Jaw ?
Bless me! your Tusks, your very Bones appear,
And the Rogue scarce has left you half an Ear. 32
The BEAR well knowing, tho' he knew too late,
The Traitors Cunning was for his too great ;
Heard stupidly the FOX, his Malice vent,
And limping to the Grand Assembly went.

C H A P. XI.

*At Court the batter'd B E A R arrives,
And vile Account of R E N A R D gives :
He shews his Wounds, his broken Paw,
His horrid Snout, and gaping Jaw.
The King encompast with his Peers,
Severely to revenge him swears ;
The Project dire, in Council's hatch'd,
And M A L K I N ' s to the F O X dispatch'd.*

HIS sage Ambassador the Monarch spies
Return, with blubber'd Cheeks and weep-
ing Eyes,

His Nose disorder'd, and his scurvy Pace
Discover'd his Defeat, and dismal Case.

Then B R U I N to the King— What Words can say,
Was said by me to make the F O X obey,
Your Seal, your Warrant Royal I produc'd,
The Rebel this, and you in me abus'd :

With

44 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

With Pains dissembled, and with Groans, the
Cheat

Feign'd he was sick, and cou'd n't walk or eat; 10
These Wounds his Treason, and this Weakness
caus'd.

The People murmur'd, and the Patient paus'd;
With Indignation his Complaints they heard,
They view his cripl'd Limbs, and ghastly Beard.

The King surrounded by his Senate sate,
Right Cousins all, and Counsellours of State,
Death in his Mouth, and Vengeance in his Look,
The Monarch thus the general Silence broke.

Now by my Throne, and yon Empyrean Sky,
The Traitor shall with Ignominy die: 20
The Forms of Law from which we never swerve,
Our Judges must advise, and we observe.

He

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 45

He said—The Senate thank him for his Speech;
And BRUIN'S Party move they may impeach.
GRUMBLE was foremost, an unruly Blade,
An Ass by Birth, an Advocate by Trade;
Poor, proud and formal, obstinate, and dull,
In Faction wise, and at the Bar a Fool;
Chosen, and cherish'd, by Provincial Lord,
And next the Chaplain, in his House ador'd. 30
He baul'd for Liberty, but that was known
To be a Trick, to serve, and save his own.
His Zeal for Property, was loud and fair,
Since none could charge him for his Interest there:
His Passion 'gainst the Church had the like Grace,
A hot Reformer, Blockhead by his Place:
Scon'd up to th' tip of's Ears in Ignorance,
Unmov'd he'd stand the keen'st Attacque of Sense.

Re-

30 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Renown'd for Envy, and seditious Crimes,
Ah never may they rise in future Times ; 40
Yet evil Times will come, and evil Days,
When these shall turn their Infamy to Praise.
A fatal Change, for miserable Men,
Their present Malice will be Merit then.
These violently urge the Fox may swing ;
In thirst of Blood, and now to please the King,
They vote unanimous, a Bill is read,
And RENARD by a Law condemn'd to bleed.
To catch the Criminal, they next invent,
And MALKIN is with other Letters sent ; 50
To tempt him with Rewards, with Threats to fright,
The King commands 'em, and his Clerks Indict.

CHAP. XII.

MALKIN, by BRUIN's Luck dismay'd,
To deal with RENARD, is afraid.

Thro' want of Strength, he says, and Wit,
For such an Office, he's unfit :

A Guard wou'd do the Business better,
Or let the Serjeant give the Letter :

He'l fright him with his lacker'd Mace,
And bring the Iruant to his Place.

Yet MALKIN must, unwilling, go,
The King, enough! will have it so.

To RENARD's Castle, he repairs,
His Fortune not unlike the BEAR's.

A New Commissioner they vote to choose,
A Favour all are ready to refuse.

To PUSS, the Senate give a general Voice,
Who thus endeavours to divert their Choice;

Your

48 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Your Majesty, and you my Lords, may see,
A Thousand fitter for the Place than me;
Let GRUMBLE go, who carried up the Bill,
His Body strong, and vigorous his Will,
He hates him for his Wealth, and swore 'tis said,
To lose his own, or have the FOX's Head. 10
What Hopes of me, if BRUIN far'd so ill,
Small is my Strength, and not too great my Skill.

King LION to the CAT—— We often find
The vilest Body has the noblest Mind;
Haste— fear no Danger— of his Wiles beware,
Courage and Strength, in this, are less than Care.

Your Majesty's obey'd, replies the CAT;
I go, and leave the good Event to Fate;
But first he views the flying Birds to know
What Omen— And behold! a wayward Crow, 20
He

Book I. or, the FOX, &c. 49

He chatters from the left, the Coward starts,
And cries, — avert the Omen, and departs:
So *Cravens* in the Field are most devout,
And Superstition is by Fear begot.
PUSS jogs along, and knowing well the Way,
Arrives at RENARD'S with the setting Day.
The FOX demurely by his Postern sits,
Whom MALKIN with accustom'd Goodness
greet.

Health to my Friend — and happy should I be,
If any one, had brought you this but me: 30
Threats terrible to read, and Pains severe,
Unless in Person, you at Court appear.

Welcome, quo' RENARD, and the News you
bring,
The Senate's just, and we've a Gracious King.

E

My

50 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

My Life, my Lands, to CESAR I resign,
His Pleasure shall dispose of me or mine.

He said — and while he spoke the Traitor thought
To ruin MALKIN by a second Plot.

Then smiling he proceeds — 'Tis late you see,
Walk in, for you shall spend the Night with me; 40
Your Letters I'll peruse, — My Wife prepare
A cleanly Supper of our Country Fare;
None choose to travel by a waning Moon,
To-morrow we'll set out before the Sun:
Tell me, my Friend! what Food you fancy best,
Our Honey is like Nectar to the taste.

The CAT, — You'll pardon me for being free,
No Nectar's like a *Mouse*, I own, to me.

Then

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 51

Then RENARD,—At the Parsons we shall find
Enough to Feast you, now I know your Mind; 50
His Yards, the Parish Tithes, are full of Mows,
Of Cheese his Dairies, and of Corn his House,
Mice rich as *Venison* in his Barns are bred,
By Wheat, full plenty, and by Barley fed.

Heav'ns quo' the CAT, I wish you'd lead me
there,

A Parson's Moufe is most delicious Fare.

Strait to his Reverences Reeks they went,
The Cheat with Puss, and Puss with him content.
Few days had pass'd since RENARD had been
there,

And kill'd a Pullet to the Doctor dear. 60

The Priest prefer'd his Poultry to his Books,
And hard he studied to destroy the FOX :

52 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

A Snare's provided, by a Relique blest,
The Thief knew where, and thither guides his
Guest ;

Points to the Hole, the *Mice*, says he, are there,
Put in your Nose, and you may smell 'em here;
I'll guard the Passage from the cruel Foe,
But haste, for early we to Court must go.

I value not, says Puss, how soon I rise,
And hungry as I am, I wou'd be wise : 70
Our Rector tho' illiterate and dull,
His Purse is weighty, and his Barns are full,
So much a Beast, that when he aims to preach,
You flatter him too much, to call it Speech ;
He bellows Nonsense with so loud a Roar,
A cloven Foot could scarce confess him more :
A Beggar by his Birth, by Breeding base,
Much Land with him is Worth, and Riches
Grace : He

Book I. or, the F O X, &c. 53

He fumes eternal Clouds of horrid Funk,
And when he can, for nothing, will be drunk : 80
His Reading, every one will grant, is small,
Since well 'tis known he never reads at all ;
A Mate he has, as wanton as she's foul,
Deform'd in Body, as diseas'd in Soul ;
Yet for their Int'rest, they will plod and plot,
And have a Hundred Tricks to save a Groat ;
The Levites Cunning to my Cost I've found,
And dare not venture, till I search the Ground.

A Stomach, quo' the Knave, wou'd cure your
Fear,
You seem too scrupulous to like your Cheer : 90
My Dame will wonder why we stay so long,
My Heart's ne'r weak, when my Desire is strong:
This fir'd the CAT, he marches to the Snare,
And Thralldom meets him, as it met the BEAR.

54 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

CHAP. XII.

*The Trap on MALKIN tumbles down,
When most he thought the Mice his own.*

*In hempen Pillory detain'd,
Of RENARD's Treason he complain'd,
But none commiserates his State,
Who knew, and yet, wou'd trust a Cheat.*

THE Springs give way, and to his sad
Mishap,

Poor PUSS is fasten'd to the Parson's Trap,

With Looks reproachful on his Host returns,

Who inly-joys. and his Reproaches scorns.

The FOX to MALKIN—say, My gentle Guest,
How well you're treated, how you like your
Feast?

The Vicars Vermin have such hungry Maws,
So sharp their Appetites they need no Sawce ;

But

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 55

But you, a Puss of Quality, should eat
Your *Venison* potted, or shou'd lard your Meat : 10
The Parson, when he sees you, I suppose,
Will pay you still the Honours of his House ;
You sing so musically, so in Tune,
I hope you're pleas'd, and will have finish'd soon.
Is not this better than a starving Court ?
To me, you'l own, you stand indebted for't.

Thus RENARD railly'd on the CAT's Disgrace,
Till Light approach'd, and made him quit the Place :
To Faithless GIRAMOTE the Letcher flies,
And revels in her Arms, on ISGRIM's Joys. 20
His Fraud successful, gives the greater Gust
To their stoln Pleasures, and enflames their Lust.

CHAP. XIV.

*The CAT of durance has his Share
Of Buffets, Kicks, and Cudgel-War;
He scratches, bites, and lays about,
Till happily his Head gets out.
The Rope around his Neck, and Knot,
He might have perish'd on the Spot.
'Tis thus with Men in Pow'r and Place,
Their Favour hastens their Disgrace.
A middle State is most secure,
Below the Rich, above the Poor.*

HIS Groans, and Growls, the Family af-
fright;
First mounts his Reverence, and gropes for Light.
A buried Brand among the Embers glows,
Which wanting Bellows, with his Mouth he blows
He tinds the slender Wick, alarms the House,
And wakes the Doxy, his pretended Spouse;

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 97

For Decency he throws his Cassock on,
With Age worn thin, the Shadow of a Gown ;
His Servants rouse, and by the Priest are told
The Murderer of his PULLET is in Hold. 10
Broom-Sticks, and such domestick Arms they
seize,

March out, and find the CAT in little Ease.
On MALKIN's Bones the sturdy Vicar beats,
PUSS purrs imprison'd, and his Vengeance spits,
The Cords he slackn'd which he cou'd n't rend,
And most offending wou'd the Priest offend.
His Garment by the Wind, abroad is blown,
And all the Parson to his Household shewn.
MALKIN the formidable Figure spies,
Leaps in the Gin, and at his Manhood flies. 20

Gods! quo' the buxom Partner of his Bed,
What a base Wound the bloody Beast has made ?

Help

58 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Help *Ralph* — your Master to his Pallet bear,
Ah had it been in any Part but there.
What Devil this Fury, to undo us sent,
The Parish will their common Loss lament.
The Men smile inwardly, the Women roar,
Are more concern'd, as like to suffer more.
Puss well deliver'd from the threatned Death,
Tears off the Rope with his envenom'd Teeth: 30
Loose from the Snare, to Court he took his Way,
And reach'd the Palace with the first of Day.
The King enrag'd to see the CAT alone,
Commands his Council to advise the Throne }
How RENARD may be caught, and Justice done. }
With Terror and Amazement all are struck,
When thus, GREVINUS to the Senate spoke;
Princes and Peers! my Judgment may be weak,
Impartial yet, and what I think, I speak,

The

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 59

The Laws we make we must our selves regard, 40
Which tell us, none should be condemn'd unheard.
All Nations in this Common Right agree,
Ev'n *France* in this, and nothing else, is Free;
Better an absent Criminal to clear,
Than Break the Laws which cost our Fathers dear.
I humbly move, you summon him again.

King LION in a heat,—You move in vain,
Your Argument is false—Who'ere he be
That's true to him will scarce be so to Me :
Besides, supposing 'twas our Royal Will, 50
Who'l go now he has us'd the rest so ill :

I Sir, GREVINUS to the King replies,
I'll venture, and his wicked Arts despise.

The Monarch to the BADGER, If you dare
Carry new Letters, and his Craft beware :
Their

60 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Their Folly ruin'd 'em who went before.

I'll bring him, Sir, or see your Face no more,

So swears GREVINCUS; and to RENARD
hies,

Whom thus reproving to reform he tries, 59

How dar'st thou by repeated Crimes presume,
Our Monarch to provoke, and urge thy Doom?
Thy cunning, RENARD, will not serve thee
long,

Weak are thy Friends, thy Enemies are strong,

Both Prince and People thou wilt find to be

A Match too mighty for a Wretch like thee.

His Messengers insulted, shou'd the King

His Army to chastise the Rebel bring,

What would become of thee and thine? Prepare

To prove thy Innocence at CÆSAR'S Bar:

Try all thy Wiles, and see what Art can do; 70

False Pleading is as fortunate as True.

CHAP.

Book I. or, the FOX, &c. 61

CHAP. XV.

RENARD to try his Cause consents,
And seemingly his Sins repents.
Conceited of his Wit, he thought,
The King to Mercy may be brought:
Yet Danger keeps him still in doubt,
His Guilt within, his Foes without;
His Wisdom knows not wh at todo,,
He dares not stay, yet dreads to go.

THEN RENARD — Why should I the
Court distrust

Or fear my Judges, since my Cause is just;

My Injur'd Innocence I soon shall clear,

If CÆSAR and the Senate deign to hear.

Scandal, and flying Rumour I defie,

And none of late by *Innuendo's* die;

I grant my failings, I like others have,

'Tis hard to be a Wit and not a Knave:

In

62 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

In Trifles he may now and then transgress,
Yet for a wondrous honest Fellow pass.
The Charge of Robbery and Blood, regards
Your *Irish* Vermin, and their *Northern* Bards ;
Hibernian Foxes horrid Crimes commit,
And murder whom they hate, for want of Wit ;
Born in a ditch, his breeding in a Bog,
What wonder such a RENARD proves a Rogue ?
Ours may in Mischiefs, and a Jest delight,
In Satyr useful, tho' malicious bite.
Freely some Peccadillo's I must own,
But wicked Things, alas, I've never done. 20
Most of us live by Petty-Larcenies,
And, but for those, must starve our Families.
I know the worst then ; should my Foes prevail,
A Fine's the Business, and perhaps a Jail.
Once favour'd, and their Envy, when in Place,
Say.— How did I abuse my Master's Grace ?

Book I. *or, the FOX, &c.* 63

I wish the present Ministry may be
As true to him, as they're unjust to Me.
Should I, their Malice to confound, reveal
The drift of their Designs, and publick Zeal, 30
They'd curse their Clamours, and repent too late,
Their Hate to Me, their Treason to the State.
I'll go where CÆSAR, and my Honour call,
And bravely, if oppress'd by Numbers, fall.

CHAP. XVI.

*In pure Affection to his Guest,
The FOX his wicked Life confess'd ;
Part he discover'd, part conceal'd,
And only what was best reveal'd.
Tho Vices which are hid from Men,
By Heav'ns All-seeing Eye are seen.*

THE FOX revolving in his Mind his Sins,
To fear expected Punishment begins,
With feign'd Humility before his Spouse,
His Children, and his Slaves, a mournful House ;
He owns his former Falshood to his Friend,
And promises, if Life permits, to mend.

Then RENARD to GREVINCUS—*twill be kind
By Pity to relieve my burthen'd Mind ;
Great are my Errors, which I hide in vain ;
By Conscience seen, and by the World too plain.*

Confession

Ch. xvi. *or, the FOX, &c.* 65

Confession plenary, and Pains severe,
Will ease me of the pond'rous Load I bear.

GREVINUS to the FOX—Your Grief is just,
But fondly you to outward Penance trust;
Your Soul is foul, and if you'd wash it clean,
The Heavenly work must be begun within:
New life, new Manners, and Obedience new,
Are the best proofs that your Conversion's true.

The FOX to him—My ghostly Father says,
There needs no Penitence, if I confess,

GREVINUS thus—If you reform your Life,
Just to the World, and faithful to your Wife,
Of your past Deeds you'll wipe away the Stain,
Or Absolution else will be in vain,

66 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

In Ashes, says the Wight, and Dust I'll weep,
And Falls perpetual and Vigils keep :
Few are my Days and evil have they been,
Defil'd my Body, and my Soul unclean :
For Widows Snares, for Orphans I have laid,
Abus'd the Poor, the Innocent betray'd.
Hear, all that I have wrong'd, my Sorrows hear,
And spare me for my Penitence Sincere ;
Much Pain, and many Stripes, the BEAR endur'd.
Falsly by me with Honey hopes allur'd :
I led my honest Guest, to COLLIN'S Snare,
Laugh'd at my Treason, and forsook him there.
The CAT I tempted with a new Device,
And promis'd him his fill of fatten'd Mice :
I knew where privately a Trap was laid,
Thither I led him, and saw it catch his Head:

By

Ch. xvi. or, the FOX, &c. 67

By Priests Revenge, and Cruelty pursu'd,
For Life he struggles, and it costs him Blood.
If on the Story of my Crimes I fall,
Alas! 'twere endless to confess 'em all.
Grief stops my Speech, and I content prepare
To suffer Penance, like my Guilt, severe.

68 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

CH A P. XVII.

*The Hypocrite with show of Truth,
Bewails the Folly of his Youth;
His Lewdness, and his Fraud declares,
Dissembling Sighs, and forcing Tears;
He groans, and makes so much ado,
His Friend begins to think it true.
Ah foolish Mortals! will you strive
A Judge Omniscient to deceive?
Confession, when 'tis free and pure,
Is only then a Sinner's Cure.*

Should I disclose the Secrets of my Soul,
And conscious of my Guilt reveal it whole;
'Twou'd be too troublesome for both, I fear:
An Age forme to tell, and you to hear.
Once an Imperial Palace I explor'd,
And Cocks and Cockerels at Court devour'd.

Ch. xvii. *or, the F O X, &c.* 69

My Rival I S G R I M, I have basely us'd;
His Friendship injur'd, and his Bed abus'd.
An Oath of Celibacy, late I swore;
Profess'd a Frier, and the Habit wore:
By Piety affected, I believ'd,
Fools of both Sexes, would be best deceiv'd.
The W O L F made frequent Visits to my Cell;
Prais'd my Devotion, and admir'd my Zeal;
I flatter'd him with Hopes he once might be
An Abbot, could he live a Monk like me;
The Sor consents, and begs that I would please
To take his Vow, and give him his Degrees,
A Rope hung always in the Junior's Cell,
To ring the Mattin, and the Vesper-Bell;
Round I S G R I M, this, I treacherously ty'd,
To discipline his Lust, and Carnal Pride;
He pulls and rings, the Brothers run to see
Who jingles, and behold! the W O L F for me;

70 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

They wonder what new Brother they have found.
Beat, bruise, and buffet him, and sorely wound,
The Friars favours he impatient bears,
Curses his Vow, and what he swore, forswears,
Their brotherly Correction I excuse,
By Forms collegiate, and an ancient Use. 30
Degraded since my holy Cowl I burnt,
The Cloister fled, and to the World return'd.
Our former Thefts, with I s G R I M, I renew'd,
He bore away the Blame, and I the Food.
A fatning Sow I saw with greedy Eye,
In *Hobbinoll*, a wealthy Farmer's Stie:
We went, we murder'd her, the Peasant came,
The Bacon was my own, and his the Blame;
I spy'd our Host, and made a safe Retreat,
While I s G R I M was with Clowns and Clubs beset,
His wanton Wife at Pleasure I embrac'd, 41
Laugh'd at the Cuckold, and his Joys possess'd.

By

Ch. xvii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 71

By *Hobbinoll*, and his, severely maul'd,
Again the Cully comes when Hunger call'd ;
He begs, I promise to procure him Meat,
And thus the famish'd Fool in Treason greet. ;
A COCK, in yonder Ruins You will find,
The House is distant, and asleep the Hind ;
A Rafter is his Roost——Away he flies,
And on a rotten Beam the Purchase spies. 50
Up stupidly he climbs, the Rafter breaks,
Down tumbles ISGRIM, and the Farmer wakes:
The Mischief and the Cause he fiercely views,
And War disgraceful to the WOLF ensues.
You, Sage GREVINUS, pious, and my Friend,
Your help to cure this sickly Soul will lend;
You best can tell what Remedy I want,
And, if you please, may Absolution grant.
Honest, my Life shall be to come, and chaste,
And heartily I mourn my Errors past. 60

72 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Enough, GREVINUS thought, the Fox was
try'd

Believ'd him Penitent, and thus reply'd :

With Horror on your Sins You must reflect,
No Pray'rs, or sacred Services neglect,
Continue your Contrition to the Last,
And freely I absolve you for the Past.

A Rod of Willows the Confessor made,
Which heavily on R E N A R D's Back he laid,

Oft you must expiate your Sins with this,
Oft use the Rod, and, when you use it, kiss:
Your Truth will then, your Virtue be believ'd,
And you, tho late, among the Just receiv'd:
By Fasting you should bring your Body low,
Wear lean in Flesh, if you in Grace would grow:

The
170

Ch. xviii. or, *the FOX, &c.* 73

The Sick to Visit, and the Poor relieve,
A bounteous Portion of your Gains to give ;
For this incessantly you ought to pray.

I thank you, says the FOX, and will obey.

CHAP. XVIII.

*As RENARD and the BADGER go
To Court with tardy steps and slow ;
The Penitent attempts to stray,
And pluck a Pullet by the Way.
So hard for Sinners to forbear
When Opportunity is fair :
Old habits they forsake with Pain,
And easily relapse again.*

GREVINCUS, and his New-converted Friend
Their way to CESAR and the Senate bend:
RENARD a College on a Mount beheld,
Where Monks in Solitude and Plenty dwell.

The

74 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

The wily Wight with lustful Eyes regards
Geese fat, and Pullets in their spacious Yards ;
And foremost was the Cocks Industrious Wife,
In Peril of her Limbs, or precious Life :
He snaps the ruddy Dame, and sucks her Gore.
While honestly GREVINUS trots before. 10

Who turning chid him for his stay, I see
What a fine Penitent you're like to be ;
Is this your Sanctity? he cries, forbear,
And as you would be spar'd, the guiltless spare.

The FOX convicted leaves his wounded Prey ;
'Tis lawful Spoil that happens on the way.

Says RENARD, had I fought her, I'll allow
The Sin were Mortal, but 'tis Venial now.

Gods! quoth the BADGER, how doth this
agree 19
With the late Vows you made to Heav'n and Me?
So

Ch. xviii. or, *the FOX*, &c. 75

So soon your wicked Courses to renew,
Your Arguments, and weak Evasions shew,
Who're false by Nature, will be never true. }
I find your wicked Will is still the same,
Lost to all Virtue, e'en the meanest, Shame.

The FOX replies, Your Censures I must bear.
So Sinners ever with the Godly fare,
They think they're priviledg'd to tail a-course
And when a thing is bad to make it worse.

Thus they disputed, till afar they saw 30
The distant Court, and as they nearer draw
More humble RENARD, and more fearful
grows,
And trembles at the View of future Woes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

*The Fox appears before the Throne
Which bright with Royal Glories shone;
His Peers around the Monarch sate,
All Collar'd and in Robes of State:
Down RENARD falls on suppliant Knees,
The King's dread Anger to appease.
A Speech he made, and such a Speech,
As well he hopes might heal the Breach,
By Dint of Eloquence, and Art,
He turns his Treasons to Desert.*

O'RE the full Senate, when 'twas spread by
Fame
That RENARD to the Grand Assembly came;
Unanimously they, to see him, rise,
And whom they fear'd, or pity or despise;
Before the Monarch on his Knees he falls,
And loudly with the rest for Justice calls.

Lowly

Ch. xix. or, the *FOX*, &c. 77

Lowly, O CÆSAR! like my State I bend,
And your good Pleasure at your Feet attend;
For Judgment, and the Law I humbly sue,
My greatest Crime has been my Faith to you. 10
Had I, like some, whose impious Race have sold
Your Subjects Charters and their Lives for Gold,
Your darling Heroes sent to certain Fate,
And sordidly retir'd from publick Hate :
Your Armies to the Foe, Your Fleet betray'd,
This Danger had not threatn'd now my Head;
Like these, proud Mansions, I might then have
built,
And rais'd a florid Family by Guilt.
But well I counsell'd to my Country just;
True to your Int'rest, and a Royal Trust: 20
No cruel Principles of holy Zeal
Debauch'd my Duty from the publick Weal.

The

78 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The wrong'd, in vain, did no Petition bring,
Belov'd by them, and favour'd by the King,
Learn'd in the Laws, in Letters too confest,
An Artist and a Judge, if not the best.
Nor needed, to supply my want of Sense,
Round Periods, and unmeaning Eloquence.
Great and important, like my Heart, sincere
My Services in Word, and Action, were. 30
Secure in Innocence, above their Reach,
Who charge, and wanting Evidence, Impeach.
Kings ne'r with multitudes of Votes should go,
If Fortune, or Cabal have made 'em so :
But Truth dissembl'd, or conceal'd, explore,
And equally protect the Rich and Poor :
The Heads of Party's, and the Tools, chastise,
And none encourage, but the Good, and Wise.

Ch. xix. or, the FOX, &c. 79

The King— Peace, Recreant ! Who more can
bear ?

Thy vile Defence, and wicked Plea to hear ; 40

The Verdict past, thy Sentence is to come,

Enormous as thy Crimes, shall be thy Doom.

How durst thou vindicate thy wretched Cause ?

A lewder Villain never urg'd the Laws.

Nor want we of thy Treason, present Proof,

Lord BRUIN'S Wounds, and MALKIN'S are
enough.

Our Messengers abus'd, our Will your Sport,

Our Slaves will next insult us in our Court.

Heav'ns ! quo' the FOX, no Reason can I see

Why BRUIN'S Folly should be charg'd to Me ;

Poor COLLIN'S Hives he purpos'd to surprize,

And MALKIN to destroy the Parson's *Misc.*

The

80 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The Fools, forsooth, had rather steal than starve,
And richly for their Thefts a Rope deserve.
Who cou'd suppose such silly Robbers came
From CESAR? and abuse his sacred Name?
To filch, and pilfer, yet pretend to bring
A large Commission from a mighty King:
Forgive me, Sir, if wrongfully I thought
The CAT a Coxcomb, and the BEAR a Sot. 60
My Enemies, Alas! I see are heard,
While none my Answer or Excuse regard,
Let Racks, or Fires, or Gibbets be my Fate;
I gladly die a Martyr to the State;
Yer trust by Mercy still to be forgiv'n,
The darling Attributes of Kings and Heav'n.
He said—A Murmur through the Senate ran,
And RENARD to expect the worst began;
All fly the Fav'rite, when they saw him lost,
And most they curse him, who had flatter'd most.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

*The Bill against the FOX is read,
And past, and RENARD doom'd to bleed.
A Witch had said, his death should be
In pendent Posture on a Tree.
The Thief on Prophecy looks back,
And thinks the Rope about his Neck.*

HOtly each Party, as they wish, dispute,
His Foes accuse him, and his Friends
confute;

The Many for the FOX's Death declare;
Some vindicate the CAT, and some the BEAR:
For RENARD few—His old Acquaintants fly,
Or with Majority of Votes comply.
The Charge by Evidence authentick vouch'd,
The Bill's thrice read, and with the Scepter
touch'd.

G

King

82 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

King LĪŌN thus —Our Enemies will own
Much Mercy has been fatal to the Throne :
Traitors our Royal Clemency abuse,
Stand out unpunish'd, and the Laws refuse.
A base Impostor, by a Tyrant bred,
With Hopes of Empire from the Factions fed.
Some here—as I SGRIM, if he pleas'd, could tell,
Are brib'd by foreign Pow'rs, and wish 'em well.

He ceas'd—Tumultuously the Senate cry,
Long live the King, and let the Rebels die.
R E N A R D attainted is, in deep Despair,
Hoop'd fast in Hemp, and fetter'd at the Bar :
Of Gibbets only, and of Ropes he thinks,
And at the dreadful Name of Hanging shrinks,
But see—their Mirmidons the Sheriffs bring,
And out the Criminal is lugg'd to swing.

C H A P.

Ch. xxi. or, the FOX, &c. 83

CHAP. XXI.

Sir I S G R I M undertakes to see
The Felon fasten'd to the Tree.
His Hands are pinion'd to his Back,
And Rope, foretold, about his Neck.
Amid the Curses of his Foes,
Poor R E N A R D to the Gallows goes.
To destin'd Execution led
By Constables and Yeomen dread.
Where many pretty Tricks are plaid,
And Speeches notable are made,

F E W Friends had R E N A R D, and, of those,
but few

Who durst, when Fortune was so false, be true.

Yet some were to be seen, who faithful kept,

And own'd him to the last, and sorely wept.

How happy had he been, belov'd, and great ;

If to right Uses he had put his Wit?

84 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

His Kinsmen cry, What Pity his Disgrace
Should stain the ancient Honours of our Race?
Why should we witness to his shameful Fall?
Unheard, neglected, and despis'd by all. 10
At home we rather with our Wives should grieve;
They turn to CÆSAR then, and ask his Leave.

Peers, Pow'rs, and Sages, thus the King
replies,
I know you to be loyal, just, and wise.
Tho Justice to the Mob I can't refuse;
Your Counsel I am loth, your Pray'rs, to lose,
The Faction runs on BRUIN's side you see,
Who better has deserv'd to swing than he;
And yet your Cosen must be hang'd, 'tis true,
But that shall never make me part with you. 20

Again the CAT and squalid BRUIN bind
The FOX's hands, and pinion him behind.

The

Ch. xxi. *or, the F O X, &c.* 85

The most invet'rate was the WOLF, imbru'd
With Innocent, to him well-relish'd, Blood ;
In Name and Noise a formidable Beast,
Who rul'd with BRUIN, and controul'd the rest :
Imperious, dull, in Faction only brave,
To his own Self-conceit an arrant Slave :
Wealthy not Wise, for here we joyn with Fame,
His Wisdom and his Wealth were much the same.
To Kings a bitter Foe, to those at least
Who thought his Parties and his Parts a Jest : 30
But ISGRIM's Malice, in Disgrace, has shew'd,
Fools may do Mischief, who can do no Good.
He shoves, and presses thro' the gaping Throng.

Come on, he cries, and bring the Thief along;
Some fetch the Halter, some the Ladder bring,
I'll guard him safe, and see him fairly swing.

86 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Haste—should the Wight escape us by the Way,
We dearly for our Negligence shall pay. 49

Yet RENARD, tho' of Rescue he despairs,
Laughs at the CAT, and thus his Bondage jeers.

I beg you, MALKIN, for a Priest to send,
To ease my Mind, and help a dying Friend;
To print my last Confession when I'm dead,
To tell for what I hung, and what I said;
What Sabbaths I profan'd, how oft been drunk,
Or sported Reprobate with wanton Punk.
Your Host, the Vicar, is discreet and grave,
'Tis such a one I want, and ought to have. 50
I know he loves you, and am sure wou'd be
For Your sake civil, and as Good to me.

The FOX persists to ridicule the Fop,
While I SG RIM was employ'd to truss him up;

Look
Look

Ch. xxi. *or, the FOX, &c.* 87

Look sharp — the Knave, as flipp'ry as an Eel,
Perhaps may wriggle thro' our Fingers still:
Lord BRUIN I intreat you, have a Care.

My Life for his, I'll warrant, quo' the BEAR.
Till you're just ready, leave the Loon with me,
Fix you the Tackle, and prepare the Tree. 60

The Queen in Beauty, or in Jewels bright,
Was coming to behold the Tragick Sight.
On Female Majesty the People stare,
And turn from RENARD all to look on her.

Then ISGRIM — Are you mad, to loose the
Rogue?
I know the Malice of the cunning Dog;
Shou'd

88 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Shou'd he get from us, you'l in vain be vext,
And each of you will fear his Neck is next.

The Fox— If Justice, ISGRIM, you despise,
Friendship, or Gratitude, or nearer ties, 79
My Kindred-Blood within your noble Veins
Shou'd move your pity to a Cousins pains.
Your Care is needless, I'm alas, too weak,
A filken Thread, a Spiders Web, to break.
For what are you so barbarously rude?
And why this Ill do you reward for Good?
Your Wife, a loving, and a tender Dame,
With bitterness of Soul wou'd see my Shame.

I'l dash my Halberd in your Teeth, yo' Brute,
Cries BRUIN in a Rage, yo' Slave, be mute. 80
Come, noose him quickly with the fatal Knot,
We'l teach him, Brother ISGRIM, how to plot.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Ah dire patibulary Sight !

Ah dismal Case of Mortal Wight !

On Ladder mounted, R E N A R D stands,

With Head in Cap, and pinion'd Hands,

The Sheriff waits the Word to give,

And Carman is in haſt to drive.

The F O X, who didn't like the Feſt,

Now thinks it Time to act his beſt :

If poſſible, to get a Day,

And keep his Enemies in Play.

H I S Pray'rs are vain, and ev'ry Art he try'd,
The Thief's tuck'd up, and to the Gib-
bet ty'd.

By Guilt, Remorſe, and deadly Terror ſtung,

He begs to make a Speech before he hung.

The Sheriff, in his Place as vile a Swain

As any have been ſince pinch-gut Bethel's reign.

To

90 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

To muster Evidence, and Jury's pack,
No Whiggish Knight like him, nor Modern *Jack*,
Denies the Criminal an Hour to pray,
And bids him Finish what he has to say. 10

Then RENARD to the Croud— Good People
hear,
The Death, you long have threatned me, is near :
My Sins yet heavy on my Conscience lie,
In Pity let me ease it e're I die ;
A day of Penitence, prolong'd, would do,
And this his Majesty will grant to you :
A large Confession of a recent Crime,
Important I could make, if I had Time :
But this, I'll only to the King relate,
'Tis CESAR's Interest, and concerns the State. 20
Small Venial Trespases I here will own,
As robbing Orchards, Cottages undone.

Geese

Ch. xxii. or, the F O X, &c. 91

Geese, Chickens, Turkeys, and all sorts of Fowl,
Young *Coneys, Pigs*, and little *Lambs* I stole.

Sir ISGRIM, tho' so wondrous busie here,
Has shar'd the Plunder, and the Shame shou'd
share.

Him more than once, when we were wont to roam,
In friendly manner I invited home.

My Board I cover'd with my Winter-Store,
Whole Joints the Glutton from my Table tore; 30

He snatch'd so much, or secretly would steal,

My Family has scarce been left a Meal.

Yet thank our Stars, we were not always Poor,

Our Money easily provided more :

A Golden Treasure in a Ruin lies,

I found it, and to none reveal'd the Prize.

A King's profuse Expences 'twou'd supply,

And when I cou'dn't steal, I us'd to buy;

Yet

92 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Yet bred a Trader, I had rather job ;
And more thro' Wantonness, than Want to rob :
Ten Teams and Waggon with the wealthy
 Freight
Could hardly carry off the pond'rous Weight.
Some Foreiner I ghes'd the Riches sent
To purchase Votes against the Government :
Had *Louvo*y been amongst us I should swear,
He brought it not to give, but lose it here.
The *WOLF*, for I forgot it, knows the Lord
Who mass'd the Money up, and made the Hoard.

King *LION*, when the Felon talk'd of Gold, 49
Cryes loudly from a Scaffold— "Carman, hold ;
Inform us, *RENARD*, where the Treasure lies,
Speak out, the Fury of thy Foes despise.

The *FOX*— For what can such a Heap be hid,
But Mischief to the King ? which Heav'n forbid.

My

Ch. xxii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 93

My Foes, if I were dead, believe their Plot
Wou'd thrive, or with the Witness be forgot.
Their Treason, Sir, I sooner had declar'd,
Had R E N A R D, as he humbly beg'd, been heard.
The Money still is there, where late it lay,
I'll shew your Majesty the secret way. 60

The King longs greedily to touch the Store,
And R E N A R D's Cause goes better than before.

CH A P. XXIII.

*Ab, Gold, the Bane of human Life,
The Wiseman's Miss, the Miser's Wife ;
Religion, Honour, Laws are sold,
And Empire chaffer'd oft for Gold ;
For thee the Soldier storms the Breach,
And Faction makes a florid Speech.
For thee the Priest, his Barns to fill,
Vows Loyalty against his Will ;
To lose a Living Fat, he's loth,
That's cheaply purchas'd with an Oath ;
He curses inly, while he swears,
And nere is loyal, but at Pray'rs.*

HER Majesty, as Queens were wont of
old,
Was finely tickled with his Tale of Gold,
And, smiling gracious on the Fox, replies,

You must not think to cheat us with your Lies.

Ch. xxiii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 95

If you the Ready, as you say, produce,
Trust me— I'll disengage you from the Noose.

In these our wicked Days, 'tis hard to find
A Woman, that for Money won't be kind.
So Scandal says— But I with Horror hear
A Story so reproachful to the Fair ; 10
And rather, as in decency we ought,
Think 'em all honest, than so many naught.

The F o x— Alas ! Is this a Place to lie ?
And thus shou'd I prepare my self to die ?
My Friends, my Brethren, will be found, I fear,
Not wholly guiltless, as I wish they were :
Nor durst I in my latest Hour presume
By Falshood to prevent a Righteous Doom.
Soon wou'd the King discover the deceit,
And soon return me to this wretched State. 20

A

96 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

A Plot, and Gold, to be at once reveal'd,
Not long the Monarch to determine held.

Say R EN AR D, and consider well the Thing,
'Tis hard, and dangerous to deceive a King.

Then R EN AR D——

Gods! I defie the lewdest of my Foes,
To urge, I ever wou'd on you impose.
The World might well believe me then, a Fool,
Asloose as I SG RI M, and as B RU IN dull.

Since first Her Majesty the Tidings learn'd,
Her Bowels Royal at the Treasure yern'd, 30
And leaning fondly to the Monarch's Side,
She pats his pretty Cheek, and thus She cry'd,

It

It grieves my tender Heart, my Lord and
King,

You must not, Faith, you must not let him
swing.

You'll kill me with your Usage, should you be
To him so cruel, so unkind to me.

The King ——— We bid him, what he knows,
declare,

And as we like his Story, he shall fare.

Then R E N A R D to the Throne ———

For my Souls Quiet and my Country's Good

My Kindred I forsake, and nearest Blood : 40

My Sov'reign, and his beauteous Queen to please,

At large the Treasons of their Foes confess.

'Twas Night, and by a River's Bank I stood,

Which water'd, in its Course, an ancient Wood.

When starting from behind a Haughthorn Bush,

I saw a Courtier, and my Cousin rush ;

H

98 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I

I caught him by the Tail, and ask'd him why
So much a Stranger, so surpriz'd and shy ?

Ha RENARD, quo' my Cousin, is it you ?

You see, poor Courtiers ! what we're forc'd to do,
For a wet Day, I'm willing to provide,
And, tho' 'tis little, what I have to hide.

The Times may turn, when ever it shall be,
For you it may be well, tho bad for me.

Our good old King's with Infidels you know,
Is't fit, d' ye think, it should be always so ?

Lord BRUIN, in the North, pretends a Zeal
For Country-Interest, and Common-Weal:

Tho that's a specious popular Pretence,
To colour his designs against his Prince. 60

Sir ISGRIM, from the West, his Clowns will
bring,

To reinstrate our abdicated King.

GRUMBLE to morrow will to *Turky* go,

As high in Faction as in Fortune low ;

With

Ch. xxiii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 99

With Letters he's dispatch'd by Beasts of Note,
Who only, as the Sultan bribes 'em, Vote.

Arms, Troops, and Money we've in private got,
And nightly in this Wood concert the Plot,
Some for a State-Republican protest;

The Wisest of the Party these and best. 70

Some, by Election, would dispose the Crown,

And pitch'd on BRUIN, or the Fool his Son.

Some, tho' a little, yet an honest, Part,

Would give the new Dominion to Desert;

And all, thro' Lust of Favour or Revenge,

Resolve, whatever happens, they will change.

On you the Party, and the Priests depend;

Our present Sov'reign is to Whiggs a Friend,

An Oath you've taken—that's a trivial Case,

I swore Allegiance too to keep my Place. 80

To Court my Cousin, to my House I went,

He seem'd with me, and I with him content.

100 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

The BADGER's Father next the Truth declar'd,
To me and mine by many Ties endear'd,
Once by their Chairman they were summon'd all
To drink at ISGRIM's Castle and Cabal,
Their Meetings they at Midnight held, like
Owls,
And toasted Treason o're their flowing Bowls.
The Sire GREVINCUS to his Consort reels,
And wheedled by the Dame the Plot reveals; 90
What hostile Troops, and when they should
invade,
What Ports to forein Fleets should be betray'd,
What Soldiers promis'd in the War to joyn,
Who own'd the Cause, and manag'd the design,
What Fav'rites, if the Project did succeed,
Should hang—what others on a Scaffold bleed,
What Grants the future Monarch should resume,
What Lords must travel, who should stay at
home,
What

Ch.xxiii. or, the FOX, &c. 101

What Lands would fall to good Sir ISGRIM'S
Lot, 99

And joyn with those that he from *Round-head* got.

The BADGER'S Wife, a merry prating Dame,

Next Visit to my Ladies Toilet came,

Much Scandal, and a Touch or two of *That*,

And who, and who together, was the Chat.

What Modes were out, what Fashions come from
France :

For *Clary*, who declar'd, and who for *Nantz* :

What City-Wives, their Husbands wou'd forsake,

What Poets shou'd be damn'd, and who shou'd
take :

What Beauties at th' Apartment; or the Park :

What Lady lost her Money, who her Spark. 110

Much of the Foul was said, much of the Fair,

And ill of ev'ry one that was not there.

The Visit done, the Female BADGER sat,

And thus accosted my attentive Mate.

102 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

In Kindness, Cousin, to your Spouse, and you,
I'll tell you, as a Secret, something new.
Things, soon at Court, will have another Face,
Some Beasts be out, and others put in Place ;
The King, they say, must march among the rest,
And I shall be a Countess then, at least ; 120
The Money's rais'd, a major Part is got,
And nothing, now, is wanting, but a Vote.
My Wife, as humble as she is, and sage,
Wou'd gladly have a Title, and a Page.
A-bed she tells me all — that I might joyn,
To share the Profits of the grand Design.
The Fable of the Frogs, I told the Dame,
And fear'd, to change our Fate wou'd be the same.
The People once, of the loquacious Kind,
To abdicate their Monarch were inclin'd ; 130
He govern'd well — But he had reign'd too long.
And out they all will have him, right or wrong.

To

Ch. xxiii. or, the FOX, &c. 103

To *Jove* they pray— By *Jove* a *Stork* is sent,
Who joyfully accepts the Government.
Not *Anjou* went more readily to reign,
Where *Lewis* sent him, o're the Dons of *Spain*.
This Alien neither spares the Great nor Small,
But Friend, or Foe, alike devours 'em all.
Yet fond to finger, if I could, the Coin,
When *Cynthia* in her Orb began to shine: 140
I search'd the Woods : and bury'd in the Ground
My Cousin's Treasure, and his Crew's, I found.

CHAP. XXIV.

*The Fox's Father dead and gone
Is charg'd by his ungracious Son
With lewd Designs against the Throne,
For joining with the WOLF and BEAR
To rout the King by Battle fair,
Or on his Royal Person war;
For seeking Aid of Neighb'ring Kings,
And such like treasonable Things.
To swear when Witnesses begin,
Foe, Friend, or Father, all come in.*

AH me! How wretched is my Fate! that I
Must tell for what I saw my Father
die;

You all have heard that lately on a Tree
He hung—and now you wish the same of me:
'Twas the kind Death that he was pleas'd to chuse,
Not forc'd, but of himself, he ty'd the Noose;

Tho'

Ch. xxiv. or, the FOX, &c. 105

Tho' haply, had he staid another Week,
The Hangman's Worship might have done the
Trick.

BRUIN and ISGRIM's close Designs he knew,
And many, by his Wiles, to help 'em, drew. 10
He us'd the Party's Treasure as his own,

Where hidden only by the Chiefs 'twas known.

Abroad my Father by the BEAR was sent,

But stock'd himself with Cash before he went.

I watch'd, and follow'd him a pathless Way,

Where cover'd in a Cave, the Mammon lay :

A Stone remov'd — he dives into the Hole,

And back again he bolts with Pockets full ;

On the Caves Mouth, again he roulds the Stone,

On this he puts a Turf, and beats it down. 20

Thus Fortune, ever friendly to the bold,

My Search succeeded, and reveal'd the Gold.

My

106 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

My Father, when his Letters he receives,
A Banquet to the B E A R, and I S G R I M gives.
What Kings, what States, what Cities he should
see,

What Treaties he shou'd make, they then agree.
What Troops, and when their Quota's they shou'd
send,

What Pow'rs shou'd Men, and who shou'd Mony
lend.

The Thing's resolv'd, away their Envoy speeds,
Much Peril pass'd, and, as he wish'd, succeeds. 30
Some promis'd Soldiers, others Ships of War,
And all are ready to assist the B E A R.

While in his Embassy he thrives abroad,
I ease the Party of the pond'rous Load :
A Hole beneath a Poplars ancient Shade,
To hide it for my proper Use, I made ;
The Mammon to a safer Place remove,
Known only to my self, and Heav'n above.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

*The F O X his Father's Fate declares,
And how he sped in his Affairs ;
And when They found the Money gone,
How He, and all the Faction moan.
How R E N A R D Senior in Despair,
Suspends at length, in open Air.
The Crew prevented of their Coin,
Turn Loyal to the Royal Line.
So far does this Deponent say,
And you, that will believe him, may.*

A Long the Borders of the *Rhine* he coasts,
Still treating for Auxiliary Hosts,
Cities, and Provinces, by close Intrigue,
And Soy'reign Pow'rs he drew into the League,
To march their Armies for the next Campaign ;
And safe, and satisfy'd, return'd again.

GRUM.

108 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

GRUMBLE and ISGRIM of the Grand Design,
At BRUIN's met, o're Politicks and Wine ;
To these my Father enters, and relates
What Hopes of Succour from the Neighb'ring
States. 10
My Lords— In what I cou'd, your Will is done,
For Dangers dreadful, I was forc'd to run.
O're Hills by Huntsmen, and their Hounds pur-
su'd,
And Fate had follow'd, but my Heels were good.
Your Forein Strength is in this Roll contain'd,
What Soldiers list'd, and what Princes gain'd ;
Who early in the Spring will all be here,
To fight the Tyrant, and advance the BEAR.
This— thank my Stars— This horrible Design
Was well discover'd, and the Service mine.
Thence to the Cave they went to see the Store,
And, since contributed to carry more. 21

The

Ch. xxv. *or, the FOX, &c.* 109

The Bank blown up, they all are in Surprize :
Each fears his Fellow, and to save him flies.
My Father of his Golden Hopes bereft,
Not a poor Tester of the Treasure left,
With hideous howling, rends the vaulted Skies,
Then round his Fated Neck his Garter ties.
A Bough hung o're him, tempting to Despair,
Where Lovers oft die Martyrs to the Fair ; 30
A Ditty to the Dear I've heard'em Sing,
And blest the Tygreſs, and contented ſwing.
From thence he leaps— Ah, diſmal Leap for me,
'Tis Death to tell it, but 'twas worſe to ſee.
Thus by my Cunning, Sir, I balk'd your Foes,
The Source of my Diſgrace, and preſent Woes.
Their Guilt detected, and they, (*gheſſ'd by me*)
Has brought a Loyal Subject to the Tree.
My Services, as Merit I might plead,
To turn the Stroke from my devoted Head. 40
Yet

110 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Yet to your Clemency my Cause I'll leave,
And only as your Gift, my Life receive.

CHAP. XXVI.

*Queen LION, when his Tale was told,
Impatient longs to touch the Gold.
His Sufferings, and Her Hopes to find
The Money, move her Royal Mind.
She thinks him true, why shou'd She not?
When something good was to be got.
Besides a Gallows one wou'd hope,
Might mend his Manners, and a Rope.
For Folks, when Hangman is so nigh,
Have little Stomach sure to lie.*

THE Queen—For Women will to Wealth
incline,

Would feign be fingering the forfeit Coin;

Commands

Ch. xxvi. or, the FOX, &c. 111

Commands him to discover what he knows,
And promises to save him from his Foes.

The King, she cries, is ready to forgive,
Say where the Money is conceal'd, and live.

Ah Madam, quo' the Criminal, 'tis hard,
That Rebels should receive my just Reward.
'Twere most ridiculous for me to own
Where lies the Gold, and I my self have none; 10
In reason I demand, If I declare
The Place—a Pardon first, and then a Share :
That Thieves, and Traitors mayn't divide the
Store,
And fatten by my Spoils, when I'm no more.

Courage, Her Majesty replies, my Lord
Shall sign your Pardon, I engage my Word.

112 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

A Portion of the Treasure shall be thine,
Some for the Peoples Use, and some for mine.

Then RENARD—By your Grace, if I receive
My Master's Pardon, or a long Reprieve, y20
The Cave not only I'll confess, but strive
By future Service to deserve to live.
I'll pay to Heav'n my Vows for him and you,
Nor ever was so false, as I'll be true.
Be your Reign Happy, as it yet has been,
The bravest Monarch, and the fairest Queen.

King LION to his Queen—my Dear, beware,
He most deceives, when most he speaks you fair.
Pretended Secrets he would oft disclose,
And on our Royal Wisdom thus impose. 30
Plots he has made to terrify the Throne
With feign'd Conspiracies, and all his own.

With

Ch. xxvi. *or, the FOX, &c.* 113

With me he knows, his Fictions wou'd n't do,
And now, I see, he hopes to flatter you :
Believe not, Madam, his deceitful Tongue,
Trust me— A greater Villain never hung.

Queen LION was not balk'd so soon, nor mute,
Nor wanted Words to manage the Dispute.

How can you so uncharitable grow,
Once wicked, to suppose, he'll still be so? 40
His Friends, his Kinsmen, has he not accus'd?
And prov'd by others you've been more abus'd?
His Father's Treason, has he not confest?
Some Rebels he has nam'd, and mark'd the rest.
You must not, will not my Request refuse,
But save poor RENARD from the threatening
Noose.

The Monarch in a rage replies, You still
Oppose your Reasons to our Royal Will.

I

Our

114 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Our sacred Ears you deafen with your Din,
And never end your Talk, when you begin. 50
You vex our Reign with your Domestick Strife,
And much you are a Queen, but more a Wife.
Well—since you'l have it so, the Wight is free,
On Terms in Prudence, we must first agree.
His Life to come, shall piously be led,
Our Summons, and our Officers obey'd.
Again if he offends, he sees the Rope,
The Cart, the Tree. and what he has to hope.
We'l search into the Plot, and if we find
His Evidence is honest, must be kind. 60
To *Canada* we'l else transport the Knave,
And he to arrant Slaves shall be a Slave :
Or send him to *Barbadoes*, like a Thief,
To hale and hough, and live on *Irish* Beef :
To suffer *Caribbean* Discipline,
A lusty Lash, and then a Lick with Brine;
Tho'

Ch. xxvii. or, the FOX, &c. 115

Tho' worse than hanging, this, the FOX replies,
This I shall merit, if my Tale is Lies.

A Life of Sanctity, and Care, he vows,
and Zeal Eternal for the Monarch's Spouse.

CHAP. XXVII.

*His Neck from Hempen Collar free,
He leaves Sir ISGRIM in the Tree.
Down RENARD leaps, and to the Throne
The Speech continued, he begun.
The Country, he pretends to tell,
He names the Wood, the very Cell,
Where late the Wealth collected lay;
And who can what he says gainsay?
Let all then who suspect his Plot,
Go see — if it be there, or not.*

ISGRIM unwillingly obeys the King,
And slips the Pris'ner thro' the fatal String.

116 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Prostrate he falls before the Royal Pair,
Whose dawning Favour shews the Weather fair,
The Cloud that threatn'd him, before it flies,
And proudly he looks up, with other Eyes.
Thus sings the Poet— For in Days of old,
Tales mean as RENARD'S were by Poets told;
But simple Truth in lowly Verse will seem
To fashionable Wits, a Vulgar Theme. 10
O're Midnight Bowls, if they the Muse condemn,
The sober Muse may do as much by them;
And naked to the World the Crimes expose,
Which cloath'd in Fable, she but faintly shews.
To RENARD we return— He kneeling gives
Thanks to her Majesty, by whom he lives.

Bless'd be the King—the beauteous Queen be
bless'd,
Their Goodness ever be by me confess'd.

Sooner

Ch. xxvii. or, the FO X, &c. 117

Sooner, he cries, shall Envy cease to rail,
And Modesty o're Impudence prevail. 20
Priests sooner shall to Sects forget their hate,
Than I your Mercy, or be found ingrate.
In *Flanders*, fertile to the lab'ring Swains,
Unwasted by the War, a Wood remains.
Some give it one, and some another Name,
The Neighbours *Hustelo*, unknown to Fame.
A Rapid River thro' the Forest runs,
Which on his Banks beholds an Hundred Towns.
Here Nature is at Peace, and ever smiles,
While all around it is the Soldier's spoils. 30
Sweetly, here Birds begin their Mattin Song,
And *Philomel* at Night bewails her Wrong.
An Oak with spreading Branches crowns the
Wood,
Which twice three Ages has the Tempest stood.

118 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

The feather'd Nations people all his Boughs,
And at his knotty Root a Fountain flows.
Near a deep Cave, and dark, you must explore,
Descend your self, and seize the precious Ore.
Your Majesty had best in Person go,
That none the Secret I reveal, may know. 40
You'll find a Crown Imperial with the Gold,
Worn as 'tis said, by *Emmeric* of old :
The Party purchas'd it for BRUIN'S Head,
If you shou'd abdicate, and they succeed.
Rich Pearls and Jewels, in a Place obscene,
Are hid intended for his dowdy Queen.
Since, sacred Sir, the Treasure is so Great,
Your Loyal Slave, you wonnot sure forget ;
But when, as soon you'l touch the boundless Store,
Believe him honest, tho' abus'd, and Poor : 50
I then shall pray, as I'm in Duty bound,
That o're the World, your Reign may be re-
nown'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

*The F O X emboldned with Success,
With Artifice and much Address,
Prepares another Golden Bait,
And acts again his old Deceit.
May all who greedily give Ear
To every tempting Thing they hear ;
By Knaves be cully'd false as he,
And cunning too, if such there be.
Who can so well the Truth disguise,
They mayn't distinguish it from Lies.*

NOT wholly did the King believe the Wight,
Nor wholly would his Counsel seem to
flight.

But answers grave—" If R E N A R D thou'rt sin-
cere,
What need that we Our self shou'd go so far ?

120 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

For us to travel is below our State,
We have not yet, and shall begin too late.
Of *Flerus* and the *Maese*, a famous Flood,
Of *Arden* we have heard, and *Engbien* Wood:
Of *Cologne*, *Antwerp*, *Brussels* and *Namur*,
Of *Mons*, but ne're of *Hustelo* before. 10

In whose Dominion does this Forest grow?
Say, *RENARD*, In what Map is *Hustelo*?
Is't in *Eutopia*, or in *Prester-John*
Thou lov'st to lie, and this, I fear, is one.

It grieves me, quo' the *Fox*, that you believe
I would my Sov'reign, if I could, deceive.

You need not, Sir, to distant Regions roam,
For *Hustelo*, you'll find, is nearer home:

The Wood's in *Flanders*. I can prove it there
By Store of Witnesses, and first the Hare; 20 }
And *Flanders*, may it please you, is not far.

The

Ch. xxviii. or, the FOX, &c. 121

The Heralds for the HARE, his Witness, call, 20
Who marches trembling thro' the crouded Hall,
And fearing RENARD, he confirms it all, }

Oft there, by *Hounds*, and bloody *Hinds* per-
fu'd,

Cries Quaker, I've retreated to the Wood;
And truly as my Neighbour RENARD says,
'Tis *Hustelo*, I think they call the Place.

One *Sylvio*, stil'd by the profane, a Prince,
Hid Money there, and 'thas been haunted since;
Thus vouch the Wicked; as for me, I dare 31
Attest no more, than that the Wood is there.

Enough— King LION to the FOX— We'll
try

Our self, if those who will not swear, will lie;

To

122 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

To Morrow we'l set out, to part prepare,
We'l search the Woods, and you shall shew us
where.

The Fox— No greater Blessing do I know,
If Fate permitted me with you to go :
No higher Fortune cou'd your Slave attend ;
But Fortune never was to me a Friend : 40
Then future Poets wou'd my Travels sing,
Recorded the Companion of a King.
What better for my Fame, should I desire,
An arrant *Arthur* you, and I your Squire ?
Gods! that my private Cares shou'd keep me here ;
A Sentencetho' religious, yet severe.
My Wife, my Children, and the Curse of *Rome*,
Forbid that to this Honour I presume.
ISGRIM, a mad enthusiastick Fool,
Once shew'd, turn'd Frier, and wou'd wear a
Cowl ; 50

A

Ch. xxviii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 123

A Cord he ty'd around his rising Waist,
And ev'ry Exercise severely past,
By Discipline and Fasting, brought so low,
He difficultly spake, and scarce cou'd go;
On Herbs and Roots, Monastick Fare, he fed,
His Tables thinly, and but coarsly spread:
His Order being by Profession poor,
His Duty was to beg from Door to Door.
I griev'd his Bones, and wither'd Flesh to see,
And study'd, if I cou'd, to set him free. 60
Means speedy as his Wants requir'd, I thought,
And safely to his House, our Brother brought.
On me the Bishop spent his Rage, and first
Declar'd me Reprobate, and then accurst.
For ISGRIM, and he well rewards it, I
Now under Excommunication lie.

Of

124 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Of Heresie accus'd, and fearing worse,
For those who venture on a Parson's Purse,
Are Rebels all, or Schismatics o' course.
A wealthy Member from the Church to get, 70
Is the worst Crime a Sinner can commit.
What will the People say, if they should see,
Curst as I am, your Majesty with Me?
Besides, is't decent to care for the Slave
Whom late your Justice to the Gibbet gave?
Oppress'd by Faction, and condemn'd to swing,
I rather shall disgrace, than serve the King.
The *Flemish* Nation, brutal at the best,
Will think your Journey and your Train a Jest.
Your Might, my Person and your own secures,
My Name, however, will reflect on yours. 81
O're the rude *Alps*, in Pilgrimage I'll go,
To kiss his Holiness's Heavenly Toe:

Indulgences

Ch. xxviii. or, the FOX, &c. 125

Indulgences at *Rome* are cheaply sold,
For Penitence a-few, a Pack for Gold ;
When with Saint *Peter's* Deputy I've been,
And scow'rd my Conscience, and am free from
Sin ;

Then for your Royal Favour I might hope,
By you repriev'd, and pardon'd by the Pope.
My Fame recover'd, and my Mind in Peace, 90
To *Flanders* then I'll go, or where you please.

The King— Your Reasons, R E N A R D, we have
weigh'd,

And order you to do, as you have said,
A sage Director, pious, and discreet,
A Friend to counsel you, you ought to get ;
But Fasting most, and Abstinence observe,
To feast the Soul, you must the Body starve.

Sin

126 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Sin born of Idleness, by Riot's nurs't,
And Temp'rance of all Vertues, is the first.

Live thou, to others an Example chaste, 100
And let thy future Life redeem thy Past.

CHAP. XXIX.

*The Monarch wholly reconcil'd,
BRUIN and ISGRIM's Plot is spoil'd;
For RENARD's uppermost again,
And into special Favour ta'n.
The learn'd, the pious, and the wise
May teach, and preach, and moralize,
As long, as gravely as they will,
'Twas, 'tis, and so you'l find it still,
Knaves will be fortunate and great,
And Folly have the best of Wit.*

A Throne erected on a flow'ry Green,
First sits King LION, and by him the
Queen.

Silence

Ch. xxix. or, *the FOX*, &c. 127

Silence on Forfeiture and Pain's declar'd,
Not the least Murmur thro' the Croud is heard.
The Nobles, on the Grass, dejected lie,
While R E N A R D is prefer'd, and sits on high,
None, tho' all envy his distinction, dare
Condemn the Favour that advanc'd him there.

Then thus King Paramount — Peers, Princes,
Pow'rs

You have your Right, I own, and we have
ours: 10

Names, Places, Honours, are our Sov'reign
Grant ;

To You 'tis left to give us what we want ;

Nor would we lavish of your Fortunes be,

Nor wast your Treasure when we find you free ;

Alike to us are all our Subjects dear,

Or those that range the Wood, or wing in
Air,

In

128 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

In Mercy forward, but in Judgment slow,
We are not cruel, if the Laws are so:
All have Relief and Succour in our Court,
And, in their several Rights, we all support: 20
The Great we cherish, and the Poor maintain,
And, only in your Hearts, desire to reign;
Each of you here to some one Friend incline,
This is your Privilege, as well as mine.
The Fox, for Reasons, to myself I choose,
His Chains strike off, and, whom I bound, I
loose.
Thro' my wide Empire, I declare him free,
And none can wrong him but they injure me.
Hence, for our own we will his Friends Esteem,
As criminal to us, who're so to him. 30
His Children we forbid to hurt, and Spouse,
And take to our Protection, all his House.

On

Ch.xxix. *or, the FOX, &c.* 129

On him, on them, let none again reflect,

But, as the Fav'rites of the King, respect:

His Piety resolv'd in after-times.

Should expiate his Guilt for former Crimes.

His Grief, his Penitence, your Love deserve

From Justice he'l no more, nor Virtue, swerve.

Young Folks are apt to wander from the Truth,

Who here was always perfect from his Youth? 40

Rome's Head infallible can Pardon grant,

And of the lowdest Sinner make a Saint.

For this in Pilgrimage, he vows to go;

To pass the Mountains, and to cross the *Po*.

Pardon'd and innocent, he'l thence return,

And shew you how you all your Sins should
mourn.

Ne're trouble me with trivial Suits again,

Nor, when you fancy you are wrong'd, complain

His real Faults I'l punish as I ought,

But would not have his Wit believ'd a Fault. 50

K

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

*With angry Eye King LION looks
 On those who had accus'd the FOX,
 His Foes, Contrivers of his Shame,
 Now tremble, and expect the same:
 To Prison some are sent, and some
 Sneak, wisely to avoid it, home.
 So Judges partial in their Charge,
 The Guilty from their Bonds enlarge,
 While such as less deserve it lie
 In Dungeons happy, if they die.*

SOON as the Tidings thro the Woods were
 spread,
 That RENARD was from Fear of hanging freed,
 And mighty in his Master's Favour grown,
 Each doubts the Danger will be next his own
 A gen'ral discontent the People shew,
 And jealous of his sudden Greatness grow:

To

Ch. xxx. *or, the FOX, &c.* 131

To see the Change, his Enemies despair,
But most Sir ISGRIM murmurs, and the BEAR;

Then BRUIN to the WOLF — If RENARD
live,
We to our Friends a poor Account shall give. 10
Of the great Things, we promis'd we would do
Against old Ministers, and For the New.
The Provinces, for which we stood before,
Will ne're be bubbl'd to elect us more.
To some small Burrough we must next submit,
And couple with a Squire, or bulky Citr.
Him to the Gallows we design'd, and now
Our Turns are next, or we to him must bow:
He'l raise the Mob, and we their Rage should
fear,
They threat to stone us, or our Limbs to tear. 20

132 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

If this and Hanging we escape, at least
Our Names will be despis'd, our Cause a Jest.

Oh *Jove*! Sir ISGRIM in a Passion cries,
To whom shall we address, with whom advise?
Petition and Remonstrance we must draw,
And prove he cannot be repriev'd by Law.
How for a Patriot's Glory can you hope,
Who tremble at the Mob, and fear a Rope?

His Majesty enrag'd their Suit rejects,
And nought will hear which on the FOX reflects,
A lewder Paper Malice never drew, 31
Nor Crimes so many urg'd by Proofs so few.
To Prison the Remonstrancers are sent,
And there their Error may too late repent.
For RENARD Fortune had declar'd aloud,
And carried in her Train the changeful Croud.

To

Ch. xxx. or, the FOX, &c. 133

To what he wills, His Majesty consents,
Whose Bounty his Petition oft prevents.
He begs to make a Bag of BRUIN'S Skin,
To put his Victuals safe, and Letters in. 40

Then smiling to the Queen he speaks, Of you
I beg the Royal Grant of ISGRIM'S Shoo,
One he has here, another Pair at Home,
Well-stor'd his Wife, and all his Children some.
They're soft and easie for a Pilgrim's Toe,
Who to far Countries on his Hoof must go.
He, and his Wife, are seldom seen abroad,
Their House besides is in a Carpet-Road.

The Queen thus answers, gracious from the
Throne, 49
His Life, his Wife, and his Estate's thine own.

134 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

Thanks to your Majesty, the F^ox replies,
Your Crown is not so charming as your Eyes :
Fairest, and greatest, of your Sex, for whom
I'll dedicate my Vows, and Pray'rs, at *Rome* :
Of Angels, and of Saints, your Health implore,
And ev'ry Relique, in your Name adore.

CHAP. XXXI.

ISGRIM, the King will have it so,
Uncases, for the FOX, his Toe.
A Present of his Pumps he makes,
Which wily RENARD grinning takes.
Happy ye Courtiers, when you fall,
That he who rises wo'nt have all.
Learn you who fall, and you who rise,
The fickle Goddess to despise.
Her Smile's as fatal as her Frown,
And he who trusts her is undone.

RENARD is furnish'd by the King's Com-
mands,

And barefoot on the Green Sir ISGRIM stands.

His Wife's of Spanish, and by *Thomas* cut,

Are more in Shape, and fit the FOX's Foot :

Of these ungallantly he robs the fair,

And half, to make a Satchel, flays the BEAR.

136 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The Shoos, the Leather, seiz'd with bitter Taunts,
Malicious on his Foes deprest, he vaunts.

For what you charitably give the Poor,
Just Heav'n a double Portion will restore. 10
Our common Benefit we ought to share,
And having for our selves enough, to spare.
Your Gifts on R E N A R D are not thrown away,
For You, as much as for my self, I'll pray.
My Kinsman to the Patron-Saints, my Friend
With warm Devotion I'll to Heav'n commend.
My Pardon general, as your Wants, shall be,
As I by you, that you may get by Me.

Fair G I R A M O T no longer could endure
His wanton Raillery, and Mirth impure ; 20
She thought it hard, who had been better us'd,
To be at once insulted, and abus'd.

Forfaken

Ch. xxxi. or, the FOX, &c. 137

Forfaken, and unrig'd, her Heart wou'd break,
What Woman's wou'd n't if she might not speak ?

Most impudent of Villains, thou, and worst,
By Gods! quo' G I R A M O T, and Beasts be
curst :

With Vengeance eminent, ye Pow'rs, pursue
The Wretch who ruins us, and laughs at You.

In Silence, B R U I N and the W O L F sustain
His Jeers, and dare not mutter once again. 30

Happy in Durance, somewhat large to breath,
While M A L K I N's in a Hole, expecting Death.
Nor will it be, if R E N A R D governs long,
Before they tune there penitential Song.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

To loose the F O X their Graces grieve,
 He takes his Audience of Leave ;
 His Priest the King commands to pray
 For Blessings on him in his Way ;
 The sturdy Priest knows better Things,
 The Bishop's Word's above the Kings.
 Again the Monarch bids the Clerk,
 Who scruples still to bless the Spark ;
 And in his Zeal not over-civil,
 Commends the Pilgrim to the Devil.

NOW Night retires before returning Day,
 And Phæbus, as he rises, gilds his Way.
 The Morning blushes like a beauteous Bride,
 Who waking, feels her Lover by her Side.
 New Fires are seen, new Graces in her Eyes,
 To charm the Bridegroom, and renew their Joys.

Some

Ch. xxxii. or, the F O X, &c. 139

Some ancient Bard, a dry Laconick Fop,
Perhaps had only said, the Sun was up;
But we, who copy from the *French*, are loth
In Words and Reasons to be wanting both. 10
Now to our Fable; —Where the F O X we find
Preparing for the Journey he design'd;
He conjures to himself, he 'noints his Toes,
And buckles on his Feet the Ladies Shoos,
He crams his Satchel, and his Staff he takes,
This Prayer submissive to the Monarch makes:

How, satisfy'd, can I your Empire leave,
Unless your Chaplain will a Blessing give?

Bless him, King L I O N to his Reverence cries.

His Reverence, as in Duty bound, denies. 20

The

140 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The Canon, which, as Scripture, we obey,
The Church forbids for such as him to pray;
While excommunicated he remains,
The Devil, we think, must take him for his
Pains.
Besides, infallible Tradition says,
'Tis Hell, the Sinner who rebels to bless;
For of all Virtues by the Just profest,
Obedience to the Church, and Alms, are best.

What are your Canons and the Church to me?
My Brother *Lewis* has with both been free, 30
Replies the King, I'll have him blest by thee.
His Pilgrimage you see he well begins,
Your Pray'rs he begs, and Sorrows for his Sins,
To *Rome's* dread Vicar he'll a Visit make
In pure Contrition, and for Conscience-sake.

The

Ch. xxxii. or, the FOX, &c. 141

The Priest, since something must be said,
proceeds,
His Forehead crosses, and a Missal reads.

*Be gone thou vile deceitful Knave,
And may thy Fraud forsake thee,
'Tis all the Blessing thou shalt have,
That Satan soon may take thee.*

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXIII.

*The Fox, and, Reason good, afraid
 Some Ill might happen, if he staid,
 Begins, due Ceremonies done,
 To pack up, that he might be gone:
 The Times may change, himself a late
 Example to the Turns of State.
 Besides, he needed not be taught,
 The Place wou'd quickly grow too hot;
 For best he knew of any there,
 Things were not carry'd on too fair.*

HIS Budget to his Back the Pilgrim
 ties,

Then looks around the Company, and sighs,

Farewell, great Sir, and you his noble Peers,
 I hope you'll mind me in your fervent Pray'rs.

My

Ch. xxxiii. or, the F O X, &c. 143

My Brethren of a lower Rank, adieu,
Remember me, as I shall think of you;
You Royal Pair ——— They stop him from the
Throne,
And tell him, he's too hasty to be gone.

Ah, Sir, My Work, quo' RENARD is in
hast,

For Sinners have, like me, no Time to wast: 10
Each Hour they should improve, each Minute
strive

To grow in Grace, and better learn to live.

Your Pass Imperial, to be safe, I want,

'Tis the last Favour, Sir, you have to grant.

The Pass engross'd, is sign'd by Royal Fist,

Which RENARD, on his Knees, receiv'd and
kiss'd.

Then up he gets, and with a merry Heart

Jogs on, tho' seemingly he's loth to part.

King

144 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

King LION bids— The supple States obey,
And, in a Body, wait him on his Way. 20

He turns, and begs the King to watch his Foes,
To bind 'em faster, and confine 'em close.
If from their Prisons they shou'd scape, he fears
Sir ISGRIM'S Cruelty, but more the BEAR'S.
The Monarch nods—The FOX profoundly bows,
And takes his way triumphant to his House.
The GOAT Domestick Chaplain, and the HARE
Attend him, so the King commanded there.
His Wife receives him at their Castle-Door,
Huggs him, and swears he ne're shall leave her
more. 30

CHAP. XXXIV.

The HARE goes in, the Wicket's shut,
To keep him in, and others out.

The GOAT before the Castle Gates,
Expecting his Companion, waits;

And long he may expect in vain,
His Friend will ne'er come out again.

The FOX, his Wife, and all his House,
E're this, have made a Meal of PUSS.

Ah Traitor, vile perfidious Host!

Must all, who enter there, be lost?

AT RENARD'S they arrive, an ancient Seat
The HARE march'd in, and wou'd too
late, retreat.

The Gate they fasten, and exclude the GOAT,
Who curs'd their Complement, and staid without.

My Lady EMILY, at leisure, views

The Pilgrim's Staff, his Budget, and his Shoos.

L

Her

146 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

Her Husband's notably equip'd, she sees,
By Land to trav'el, or to cross the Seas.

She weeps, and asks him with an aking Heart,
Soon as they meet, why he's prepar'd to part? 10

To whom the Fox, my Honey, I have since
Been bound, and carted, by our mighty Prince.
Yet quickly I recover'd my Disgrace,
And rose in BRUIN, and Sir ISGRIM'S Place.
Soon, by my happy Wiles, and artful Fraud,
The King my Conduct, and the Queen, applaud,
To Peers, and Princes, they declare me free,
And punish those who wou'd have punish'd me.
The WOLF to Dungeons, and the BEAR, they
doom,

While all my Penance is to visit *Rome*.

20

The

Ch. xxxv. *or, the FOX, &c.* 147

The Traitor HARE, our House wou'd have
betray'd,

And now a dire Example shall be made.

Say, Villain, dost thou not deserve to die,

Convict of Treason, and confels'd a Spy?

The HARE, as usual, takes him to his Heels,

And Death already, in his Fancy, feels.

Nor stays to argue, tho' he runs in vain,

His Host pursues, and lugs him back again.

Then cruelly he seiz'd him by the Throat, 29

And kills him, calling on his Friend, the GOAT.

Thus, were my Foes, says R E N A R D, in my
Pow'r,

Like him, we'd greedily the rest devour.

Thus, by my Hands, I wish they all may bleed,

At once my Hunger, and Revenge to feed.

My Wife, my Sons, with double gust, wou'd eat

When Vengeance gave a Relish to the Meat.

L 2

Dame,

148 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Dame EMILY, while they dispatch'd the
HARE,
Asks how he scap'd, and he resolves the fair.

Indeed, much Peril I have pass'd, my Dear,
Much Fear of Hanging, and much Cause to fear.
Sledg'd, pinion'd, to the Gallows drawn, what
hope? 41

Y-Faith— 'twas time for me to fear a Rope.

My Foes at Court, had prepossess'd the King,
And th'Odds went Ten to One, that I should
swing:

But Impudence, my old and only Friend,
And lying boldly, did the Matter mend.

Such hellish Lies, I thought the Ground would
ope,

And living, swallow me, who made 'em, up.

To

Ch. xxxiv. or, the FOX, &c. 149

To King and Senate, I a Story told,
Of treasonable Plots, and hidden Gold. 50

The Place remote, I offer'd to declare,
And had the Fiction, witness'd by the HARE.

But lest the Quaking Rascal should repent,
And own the Treason to the Government;

Lest he shou'd tattle, as a Fool may do,
Whence Dungeons still, and Halters wou'd ensue.

'Twas best, my Spouse, to make the Secret sure,
Prevent his squeaking, and my Neck secure.

His Murder to the Monarch will be known,
No matter if it be, when we are gone. 60

To *Britain* let us fly, with Plenty crown'd,
For Wealth, for Liberty, and Health renown'd:

Coneys in Warrens, we may safely seize,
Fowl in the Fields, and on their Commons *Geese*:

Young *Rabbits* fearless, play in open Air,
Fish fatten'd seek the Bait, and *Birds* the Snare:

150 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

There, what we have, we freely shall enjoy,
For Feuds, and Politicks, the rest employ. 70
With Church, and Senate, they've so much ado,
None will have leisure, there, to think of you.

My Lord!—EMILIA to the FOX replies,
I'll ne'er to leave my Native Land advise :
In forein Regions, from our Friends, to roam,
Since if we please, we may be safe at Home.
Your Seat Paternal to forsake, your Goods,
And the dear Walks of these delicious Woods.
Forgive me, Sir, I never shall consent :
And Death will rather choose, than Banishment.
So fortified your House, and so secure,
You boldly may defie the Tyrant's Pow'r : 80
Unpunish'd, none, your Castle shall attacque,
For Famine, or Despair, will beat 'em back.

Suppose

Ch. xxxv. or, the *FOX*, &c. 151

Suppose his Arms before your Walls appear,
What Force can enter, or offend you, here ?
A Thousand secret Ways, to them unknown,
For Forage, you may sally, till they're gone.

Madam, says RENARD, I your Choice approve,
And yield to stay, because 'twill please my Love.
My Vow of Pilgrimage, I need n't mind, 89
For Vows compell'd, they tell me, do not bind.
Besides, they can't persuade me to believe
Rome's Vicar, more than ours, can Sins forgive.
Then a fine Journey, I for nought shall take,
And wicked as I went, the same come back.
Were the King's Pow'r as boundless as his Will,
I once deceiv'd, and may deceive him still.

CHAP. XXXV.

*The GOAT's impatient of his stay,
And wonders at his Friend's Delay.
A Benefice, his Aim and Hope,
He fears would in his absence drop.
And well he knows to gain his End,
The chiefest Thing is to attend.
That Lord to flatter, this to praise,
That Ladies Shape, and t'other's Face.
To watch amongst 'em, more than pray,
And to be always in the way.*

HIS Reverence sitting at the Castle-Gate,
Grows weary, and, begins to think it
late.

He knocks, and audibly he calls the HARE:
What Business have you, Friend, to keep you
there?

The

Ch.xxxv. *or, the FOX, &c.* 153

The Sun is set, and we shall scarce return,
Unless you hasten more, to Court by Morn.

The FOX appear'd, and with a fraudulent Note,
Silenc'd the Clamours of the hasty GOAT.

Sir, if you think your Fellows pace too slow,
The Road lies there, and you before may go; 10
Your Friend is merry with my Sons and Spouse,
And, while he stays, is welcome to my House.
My Dame's as good a Huswife as the best,
Yet loves no Hurry, when she makes a Feast.

What Noise was that I heard, what horrid
Groans?

My dear lamenting, and my dutious Sons.
Soon as they heard that I must part again,
And cross rude Deserts, or the stormy Main;

It

154 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

It struck me to the Heart to hear their Sighs,
To see their blubber'd Cheeks and flowing
Eyes; 20

But most my Wife, who beats her Bosom bare,
And tears the Ringlets of her golden Hair.

Oh Sister! says your Friend, your wailing
leave,

For what we cannot help we should not grieve.

Fain would I think you honest, quoth the
GOAT,

Yet something checks me, tho I know not what;
In cheating me you will yourself deceive,
I fear the worst, and wou'd the best believe.

You're kinder than your Cloth is us'd to be;
A Thief's not safer in a Mill than he. 30

Why, says the Traytor, shou'd you judge
amiss?

My Life shall be responsible for his.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVI.

'Twas hard, 'twas very hard, we own,
And wickedly of R E N A R D done,
On Chaplain grave to put a Trick,
Who bad so fair for Bishoprick.
In Bag seal'd up with special Care,
He packs the Head of murder'd H A R E.
Instead of grateful Letters, sends
To Court this Present, and commends
The Bearer, who unknowing, brings
The bloody Gift, for which he swings.

THUS craftily the F o x deludes the G o A T,
Who doubted whether to believe or
not,

Then R E N A R D to the Priest, You'll bear, I
hope,
My Letters to the King, " The rev'rend Fop
Replies, I know not how to pack 'em up.

Again

156 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

Again the Knave — A Bag of BRUIN'S
Skin

I'll give you, if you please, to put 'em in.

No Rain can reach, no Weather hurt 'em there;
A safe Conveyance, Sir, and light to bear :
My Master will reward your Pains and Care. }

Things they contain important to the State; II
Secrets of Empire, and a Monarch's Fate.

Left any should surprize the Bag, beware;
To them and you the King will be severe.

Then RENARD shut him out, while he within
Cram'd in the Serip he made of BRUIN'S Skin
The mangl'd Head of him he late had slain,
Return'd, and thus address'd the GOAT again,

What, in the Satchel, to the King you bear
Will give you in his Grace the greatest Share 20
Not

Ch. xxxvi. or, the FOX, &c. 157

Not he who *Hector* and *Achilles* sung 21
Cou'd boast more Beauties in his *Attick* Tongue.
Not the proud *Roman* nor the famous *Greek*
More eloquently spake than thou shalt speak.
The King must first the sacred Letters see,
And then its Influence will work on thee.
A Head so honest, and a Tongue so true
He'l own he never till that Minute knew.
Of you so just a Character I've writ,
And giv'n a Picture of your Truth and Wit. 30

Then gladly with his Bag he trudges on
To Court, and reach'd it with the rising Sun.
The King perceiving him, and missing PUSS,
Spi'd RENARD'S Scrip. and spoke the Chap'ain
thus;

What ill has hap'd that you your Friend
forsake,
And bring the Pilgrim's Satchel bloody back?
The

158 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book I.

The F o x, great Sir, that I might safely bear
His Letters to your Highness, put 'em there.
Coarse is the Budget, but within you'll find
The *Roman* Eloquence and *Grecian* joyn'd; 40
The Sense, the Spirit of the *Roman* Tongue,
And the fam'd Sweetness of the *Attick* Song.

The King commands the Packet from the
G O A T,

And bids the Secretary read it out.

He gives it to his Clerk, and some have said,
His Lordship. tho he had abroad been bred }
To write, believ'd it mean, for him to read. }

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVII.

*Methinks 'tis pity we must tell
What ills the Booby GOAT besel;
The Priest was innocent and dull,
An honest Fellow, tho' a Fool,
And heartily we wish h' had been
Contented with his One in Ten:
Nor tempted by a Scarf, forsook
His Vicarage, and Country Flock:
For Church and State good Friends may be,
But best at distance they agree.*

F Rom out the Bag the Secretaries pull
The mangled Reliques of the Quaker's
Skull.

The LION stares confounded to behold
A Sight so cruel, and a Sor so bold.
Convulsive in his Rage, his Throne he shakes,
And dooms his Reverence to Ropes and Racks.

Not

160 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book I.*

Nor Winds on Seas, nor Thunder on the Shore,
So loudly bellow, and so fiercely roar.
With terror all the furious King regard,
And none attempt to calm him but the PARD. IO
His Kinsmen, he, by double Right allow'd
To speak, as first in Council, and in Blood.

If Passion in a Slave's so vile a Thing,
Consider, Sir, how it becomes a King:
To rave or threaten is below my Lord,
You know the Murderer, and wear the Sword.

Your Morals, Cousin, quo' the King, I like,
For well the healthy may advise the Sick.
On a Rogue's Promise I too much did trust,
To my best Friends, for him, I've been unjust.
Him, flatter'd by his Fraud, I mounted high, 20
While BRUIN and the WOLF in Dungeons lie.

My

Ch. xxxvii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 161

My Wife this Folly caus'd, and in my Life
I never was a Fool, but thro' my Wife.

Ill Counselor, as obstinate as ill,
She only will advise, because she will.

The PARD— 'Tis bad, if such a sordid Wretch
Can make between your Queen and you a Breach.
Strait, let the Prisoners from their Chains be freed,
And on some Pension, to refresh 'em, feed. 30

'Tis plain he's accessory to the Guilt,
And those are Principals where Blood is spilt.

Be Freedom to your Slaves, and Peace restor'd,
And Honesty encourag'd by their Lord.

Since first you caught him, punish first the Priest,
Then deal with RENARD, and chastise the rest

The ready Hangman waited at his Throat,
And nimbly trusses up the guiltless GOAT.

M

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

King LION bids the PARD repair
 To Prison, where the WOLF and BEAR
 In Dungeon, by the FOX, were put,
 And speedily to fetch 'em out.
 The PARD obeys the King's Commands,
 Their Feet unfetters, and their Hands;
 And forth he brings 'em both, to feast
 On Carcass of the GOAT deceas'd.
 Their Appetites so well supply'd,
 They ne're examine how he dy'd.

HIS Majesty the PARD's Advice commends,
 And sends him to release his injur'd
 Friends.

Such as are wrong'd, he says, shall be reliev'd,
 And such be righted as the FOX deceiv'd.
 But first we'l satisfy the Widow-HARE,
 His Chattels she with us, his Goods shall share.
 The

Ch. xxxviii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 163

The Princely PARD to Prison makes his Way,
Where BRUIN and the WOLF in Irons lay,

Whom thus he greets— Rejoyce, my noble
Friends,

Your Suffering ceases, and your Bondage ends.

Your Sov'reign deigns to bid you both by me

Your Prison to forget, and sets you free.

Each to his Places is again restor'd,

And the just Favour of his gracious Lord.

The FOX your Enemy new Blood has spilt,

The GOAT, convicted t'have conceal'd his Guilt.

Now hangs where RENARD shou'd have hang'd
before,

His Body for a Breakfast we'l devour.

Him and his Sons the Monarch grants to us,

Attainted for the Death of honest PUSS.

The Quaker HARE he at his House devour'd.

164 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

For which to raise it ye are both impow'r'd.
His Majesty to recompence the past
Permits you what you find of his to waste.
To you, Sir ISGRIM, 'tis allow'd again
The Flocks to scatter, and to scour the Plain

The End of the First Book.

BOOK II. CHAP. I.

ARGUMENT.

*The Senate for a while adjourn'd,
To Court, at Time prefixt, return'd:
The Heralds summon'd, and they came,
The Savage Nations, and the Tame.
The feather'd People of the Air,
And Beasts of ev'ry Kind were there.
Both those who walk, and those who wing,
Complain of RENARD to the King.
For he that once a Thief has been,
Ne'er leaves it when his Hand is in.*

WHICH of the Sisters, on *Parnassus*
nurst,
Will deign to second and relieve
the first?

The Goddess grumbles that her Tale's too long,
And tires, and will not tarry out the Song.

166 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

Fair as the Daughter of the Spring and gay,
And buxom as the Queen of Sprightly *May*,
From Wood to Wood she's ever on the Wing,
And sickens, if on one she's forc'd to sing.
Well — let her leave us, we'l, I warrant, find
A Nymph as merry, and perhaps as kind.
But if the Baggages are coy, we'l try
A Bottle doth as well, and is not shy.
Now *Phoebus* and his fiery Coursers rise
To whirl his Chariot o're the purple Skies.
The Monarch with Imperial Glories crown'd
Sits lofty on his Throne, his Peers around;
Beneath, the Commons and the vulgar Fry
Who foot it, or in upper Regions fly.
Birds leave their Mattin-Song, and Beasts their
Prey,
Due Homage to the King and State to pay.

Chap. i. or, the FOX, &c. 167

RENARD again of horrid Crimes accus'd,

Obedience to the Royal Writ refus'd.

The feather'd Nations, and the bestial kind,

In league, to ruin him, he hears, were joyn'd.

His Foes were many, eloquent and strong,

Their Ladies some had lost, and some their
Young:

Since Things had happen'd as they had, he thought

,T would end in Ropes, if he again were caught:

This gen'ral Session open'd as the last,

With Wine full plenty, and a rich Repast, 30

And none till mellow from their Liquor shrunk,

But wond'rous politick they grew, and drunk.

All rail'd at RENARD, and the Rebel curst,

All made their Speeches, and the CONEY first,

Oh King! in Justice and in Arms renown'd,

With Fame, and every Kingly Virtue crown'd,

M 4

Revenge

168 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

Revenge my Wounds, my mighty Wrongs redress,
Nor let the greater Slaves insult the less.

Who thro' your wide Dominions can be safe?

While Rogues unpunish'd at your Edicts laugh.

Soon as your Heralds did the Feast proclaim, 41

By RENARD'S Castle to your Court I came;

Fearless, for whom had I to fear, when you

Commanded Peace, and I your Pleasure knew.

Another way, in Prudence, I had past,

Yet took the nearest for the greater Hast,

I spy'd him waiting at his Gate, and sought

By Flight to 'scape him, and was flying caught.

He seiz'd my Ears, and in the bloody Strife

I parted with a lugg to save my Life, 50

For while to swallow it the Robber staid,

Frighted and wounded from my Fate I fled:

This solitary Ear confirms it true,

And Vengeance I can only hope from you.

Chap. i. or, the FOX, &c. 169

The CROW next chatters, and at large relates
His own Misfortune, and the *Minx* his Mates.

Better than we your Subjects of the Air
Who, Sir, Allegiance to their Monarch bear?
Another People tho' we seem, we own
Nothing but you, and will have you or none. 60
The Bird of *Jove*, Vicegerent of the Air,
Rules in your Name, or should'nt govern there,
Yet if to punish Pirates you refuse,
Our Hearts, where worthily you reign, you lose.
A Knight, a Racer, and a topping Cit,
As fam'd for Virtue, as his Sons for Wit,
Late lost a Horse, but how I dare not say,
Or whether in his Coach it dropt or Dray,
The Carcass of the Beast was ours o' course,
And Dear and I were feeding on the Horse, 70
When

170 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book II.*

When RENARD by his Side in ambush lay,
To seize your Subjects at their lawful Prey,
Breathless he seem'd, and drooping was his Head,
So much, that DUCK, and I, believed him dead.
The Sex too curious are known to be,
And so my Wife must feel as well as see;
Her Flesh, voracious! from her Bones he tore,
And lick'd with horrid Gust, the flowing Gore.
Dread *Pluto* I invok'd, and Sovereign *Jove*,
The Pow'rs infernal, and the Gods above. 80
To save the Darling of my Heart, whose Fate
I saw, as on a distant Bough I fate.
Oh King! Be gracious to my humble Prayer,
Tho' *Jove* deny'd me, may my Monarch hear,
Revenge me, lest if you forgive him now,
The Villain should above Correction grow;
Your high Authority abuse, and scorn
Your Pow'r, tho' Princes are your Vassals born.

With

Chap. ii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 171

With Insolence profane, your Weakness jeer,
As if you durst not in our Cause appear: 90
Whence War, and ruinous debate may rise,
And Slaves a Master so supine despise.

CHAP. II.

*The King's good natur'd in the main,
And will be honest, if he can.
His People, and his Peers, he takes
To witness to the Vow he makes;
That when the FOX comes in his way,
Severely he for all shall pay.
So Kings should do, quo' Machiavell;
But he, I have been told's, in Hell.
No matter, what he said is true,
So Kings, we say again, shou'd do:
The Poor to cherish, and the Good,
And tame the Faction, and the Proud.*

NO sooner had the CROW and CONEY done:
Than CESAR, to content 'em, thus begun.
By

172 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book II.

By Our grim Beard, and by Our Throne We
swear,

And hear, ye Princes, and ye People, hear :
No longer we'l the Villain's Crimes endure,
But justifie Our Laws, and right the Poor :
Peace universal to Our Realms restore,
And once deceiv'd, will be deceiv'd no more.
Who of you here are proof against his Lies ?
Who of the wisest, boasts to be so wise ? 10
Who to his Wife, his Darling, can be deaf ?
We hearken'd to Our Queen, and not the Thief.
Our Mercy you condemn, and yet must own,
'Tis the best Jewel that adorns the Throne.
Nor he, nor she, shall flatter us again,
Nor give Our Subjects reason to complain :
To You, My Council, I the Wight resign,
His Life, or Death, and what you do, is mine,

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

*King LION valiant in his Rage,
War with the FOX declares to wage;
His numerous Troops are bid prepare
To march, and undertake the War.
And with as good a Heart they went,
As French by mighty Monarch sent.
New Foes, new Conquests, to explore,
And take the Town he bought before.
For every one was safe, he knew,
To march, was all he had to do.*

CEase, cease, you wicked to rejoice, for see
How soon your Fortune may like
RENARD'S be.

This Hour in Favour, and the next in Jail,
You sink this Minute, and the next prevail.
As various as the Wind, you're rich or poor;
But Vertue is a Lasting Good and sure.

Lord

174 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

Lord BRUIN, and Sir ISGRIM joy to hear
The King, to ruin the Deceiver, swear.

With Words provoking, and in Sense the same,
Both fain wou'd warm him, and his Rage enflame
While wantonly his beauteous Consort strove II
To cool his Heart, and sooth him with her Love.

My Lord, my King, to you I trust my Cause,
I fear your Anger, but defie the Laws.

What I advis'd was Reason, so 'tis still,
Strict Justice ever should direct your Will.

Is RENARD heard? condemn him then to die,
Or is't impossible his Foes should lie?

Ne're your Example from an Instance draw,
When Publick Good did over-rule the Law. 20

The Fox, I think, is no such dangerous Foe,
As forces you from common Right to go.

Chap. ii. or, the FOX, &c. 175

A Wretch, a vile Plebeian Thing, with ease
Your Arms will reach, and curb him when you
please.

Now as a Party-Cause it must be try'd,
Or none had matter'd if he liv'd or dy'd.
His Fame abandon'd, is so great a Curse,
To hang may rather mend, than make it worse:
His Friends will then excuse it; as no more
Than many honest Beasts have done before. 39
Fine him, or let him lead a loathsome Life
In Prison, with his greatest Plague, his Wife.

The PARD spoke next, and as the Queen de-
clar'd,

He thought 'twas just, that RENARD shou'd be
heard.

Then up rose ISGRIM, with a furious Tone,
And ISGRIM for a Speech, wou'd yield to none.

No

176 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book II.

No Wonder, Sir, your Cousin votes for Peace,
His Loss is little, and he lives at ease.

In any other but a Prince, I swear,

This Prudence wou'd have been mistook for Fear.

Is there not Cause to judge the Fox to death? 41

Is he not prov'd a Rebel, and a Thief?

The CROW to ruin him, and CONEY joyn,

Suppose it; what are BRUIN's Chains and mine? }

Are we Accomplices in their Design?

The King's best Friends have by the fraudulent Elf

Been basely cheated, nay, the King himself.

The Monarch ——— What does all this prating
mean?

No more, and you be silent too, Our Queen.

War dreadful is resolv'd, let all prepare, 50

In Arms, to morrow, we expect you here:

Him,

Chap. iv. or, the FO X, &c. 177

Him, and his House, we utterly will waſt,
His Name where e're we meet it, ſhall be raſe'd.
He ſaid — The People make the Palace ring,
With Shouts of Praise, and Bleſſings on the King.

CHAP. IV.

*When RENARD had by Rumour heard
Of War againſt his Houſe declar'd,
We cannot well ſuppoſe the Beaſt
Was hugely tickled with the Feſt.
His Friends he ſummon'd, but he found
Not many who would ſtand their Ground.
Indeed it is not very ſtrange
For Friends in ſuch a Caſe to change.
To bang, ſome fancy, and be bang'd,
But none are willing to be hang'd.*

THE generous BADGER to the Fox repair'd
To give him Notice of a War declar'd.

N

And

178 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

And near to R E N A R D's Seat as he arriv'd,
Thus inly speaking for his Cousin griev'd.

What pity, Heav'n! his Actions should defame
His Father's Wisdom, and a noble Name?
We all shall suffer in his just disgrace,
Himself'twill ruin, and his Kindred's Race.
The King resolv'd to war upon his Slave,
What Aid can help, and what Advice can save?
Yon Seat paternal, and those Rising Tow'rs II
Will fall before those formidable Pow'rs.

Close by his Castle he perceiv'd the Rogue
Retreating homeward with unlawful Prog;
Two *Doves* unfledg'd, he from their Nest had stole
For mightily he lov'd to feed on Fowl,
The Fact so plain, it could not be deny'd.
Yet boldly R E N A R D to his Cousin cry'd;

Welcome Pl

Chap. i. *or, the FOX, &c.* 179

Welcome, GREVINCUS, to my House, and
me,

This Visit's kinder than you're wont to be. 20

The BADGER—Hold—Your Complements
forbear,

'Tis Business of Importance brought me here ;

See, to what peril, by your Fraud, you bring

Your House, in arming a victorious King.

Pow'rs, Princes, Nations, in his Cause will rise,

Your first and last Rebellion to chastise.

Soon will his Troops before your Walls appear,

Himself for Battle fame'd, and Siege, be there

Assisted by the WOLF, and bloody BEAR ;

Chiefs in the Senate, these, and in the Field ; 30

The weaker you, must to the stronger yield.

Is this the Business ? quo' the FOX, and smiles ;

I'll warrant they've already shar'd the Spoils ;

N 2

With

180 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

With this we wholly won't be taken up,
But heartily on what we have, we'll sup :
Walk in, bad News we must expect, yet none
Shall hinder me to pick a *Pigeon's* Bone :
If, as you tell me, Things so far are gone,
A Million well may be too hard for One.
To morrow, Cousin, we'll to Court repair, 40
And face those mighty Chiefs, the WOLF and
BEAR.

Your self my Second, at their Rage I'll laugh,
And in their Folly shall be always safe.

The BADGER— Me and mine to do you
good,

All that a Friend, or that a Brother shou'd,
For you I'll hazard, tho' the King is mild,
Willing, and ready to be reconcil'd :
Not as a Tyrant, he your Cause will hear,
But tender as a Judge, who loves to spare.

CHAP. V.

*At R E N A R D's House they find his Wife,
And Sons, the Blessings of his Life.
The first was Reneke, a Lad,
In Mind and Body, like his Dad:
Next Rossil, an unlucky Boy,
His Father's Hope, his Mother's Joy;
The Youth had made a pretty Child,
Whom Fondness and Indulgence spoil'd.
The wisest often mayn't succeed,
But Fools will ruin all they breed.*

THE FOX conducts G R E V I N C U S to his House,

Presents him to his Sons, and loving Spouse,
His Guest no civil Ceremony miss'd,
The Youth he praises, and the Dame he kiss'd.

182 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book I.

Then R E N A R D— How d'ye find my eldest
Son?

He's like me every Inch, 'tis Father's own.
And that my second too, a pretty Lad,
His Mother's Leer, he'l be a Wag e'dad,
The Rogues are ripe, and if you set 'em loose,
They'l fetch a Pullet off, or nim a Goose, 10
Both fit for any Thing that's clean and fine,
They'l live, I'l warrant, or are none of mine.
Nor Huntsmen, nor their Hounds, they fear,
but know
Their Traps, their Courses, and to 'scape the
Foe.

The Sage his Hands upon their Noddles laid,
And bad 'em, be obedient both, and said,

With

Ch.xxxviii. or, the FOX, &c. 183

With Care good Parents should instruct their
Youth,

Nor lead 'em from the sacred Paths of Truth,
Justly their Faults, and gravely they redrove,
Nor fancy that to fondle is to love.

20

Wise Counsel to his Host he thus address'd,
Till *Morpheus* summon'd him to silent Rest:
And R E N A R D to his Chamber leads his Guest.

My Lady he before had charg'd to mind
His Sons, his House, and what he left behind.
For his last Promise was, with Dawn of Day
To Court to hasten, and prevent the Fray.

C H A P. VI.

*Next Day is gone, another come,
And still we find the Fox at home.
To go he fain would be excus'd,
Lest haply he should there be noos'd.
His Rogueries he at last confess'd
(Enough to truss him up at least)
With seeming Sorrow, and again,
What Beasts, by treason, he had slain.
The Guilt lies heavy on his Heart,
And makes him very loth to part.*

NOW Night before the purple Morning
flies,

And Day advances in the Eastern Skies.
When RENARD rose from his uneasie Bed,
By Visions haunted, of the murder'd dead.
To Sleep, a Stranger; for the God denies
Rest to the Bad, and from the guilty flies.

Chap. vi. *or, the FOX, &c.* 185

No Guilt the BADGER, and no Visions fright,
But pleasantly he dreams, and wastes the Night.
In Innocence and Peace, his Rest he takes,
And early, as the *Lark* to sing, he wakes. 10
His Host he seeks, and in a pensive Mood,
Found RENARD walking in a Neighb'ring Wood.

And thus the Wight accosts him, "Ere we go,
'Tis fit the Secrets of my Soul you know.
My Mind's Distemper, and my Life impure,
That known, you better may prescribe a Cure.
Sir ISGRIM's Wife I've cheated, and defil'd;
Her Goods have rifl'd, and her Honour soil'd;
His Majesty (with Hopes of hidden Gain)
Abus'd, and have the HARE his Servant slain;
Whose Head for Letters in my Bag I ty'd, 21
And sent it by the GOAT, for which he dy'd.

The

186 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

The CONEY in his way to Court, I seiz'd,
And ravish'd from the CROW, his dear deceas'd.
But what continues ISGRIM's endless hate,
Is an old Fraud, which I shall next relate.
Once in our Travels o're a flow'ry Mead,
Full hungry, on a Colt, he wish'd to feed.
The Youth was jolly, fat, and passing fair,
And danc'd, and caper'd, round his Mother *Mare*.
He thinks to buy it, since he can't surprize,
I lik'd the Fancy, and enquire the Price. 32
The *Mare* thus answers, on my Hoof you'll see
The Price is writ, and ready Cash must be.
I bad Sir ISGRIM on the Writing look,
For 'Faith, I did n't much approve the Book.
The purchase-Peny's written on her Hoof;
Read you your self, for I'm not learn'd enough.
No more a Scholar than a taking Wit, 39
Who writes, and cannot read the Farce he writ.

On

Chap. ii. or, *the FOX*, &c. 187

On Nose his Spectacles the Booby put,
And pores, as if her Corns were to be cut ;
The *Mare* salutes him with a Kick, and flies,
While breathless, on the Mead, Sir ISGRIM
lies ;
Much batter'd was his Snout, his Face besmear'd,
And clotted, with the Gore, his grisly Beard.
Soon as I saw him well enough to hear,
I ask'd him, jeering, Is it kind or fair,
With a fat Colt, your Hunger to assuage,
And not allow a Bit for Brokerage ? 50
The WOLF— The Devil take your Colt and you.
He rav'd, and roar'd, and threatn'd what he'd do.
I scorn'd his Fury ; but repenting, swore
To play such Pranks, and be so false no more.
I know the error of my Ways, and now,
Swear to repent, and Heav'n assist my Vow.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

To mend the Matter, bad at best,
 He says, as much as he's confess'd,
 He's still no lewder than the rest;
 Examples from the Court he draws,
 To vindicate his wicked Cause.
 So many Sinners late have done,
 By great Men's Lives about the Throne,
 Presum'd to justify their own.
 The Courtiers first reform, they cry,
 And punish then, the meaner Fry.
 Since if another can afford
 To sin as often, as my Lord
 To whore, the vulgar thing will think,
 'Tis equally his Right; and drink.

GREVINCUS to the FOX, your fraudulent
 Crimes,

The Thefts, the Vices of your younger times,

The

Chap. vii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 189

The King might be persuaded to remit,

But never will your last Offence forget.

How, to insult him, could you RENARD dare
Present his Head, when you had slain the HARE?

This, and the CONEY's Wounds have marr'd
your Cause,

Attacqu'd in Disobedience to the Laws.

The Fox— Is't grown so very rare to see
A Sinner, that you fall so foul on me? 10

At Court, as much as I in this transgress,

The greater, always swallow up the less.

What Life, what Fortune, does their Envy spare,

Where ev'ry thing that's prosperous, is fair.

When good Examples in the Great, we see,

'Twill then be time enough to deal with me.

When Modesty and Vertue are in Place,

And Merit recommends a Man to Grace.

When

190 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book II.*

When Pride is humbl'd, and the pious thrive,
And Lords do with their Wives like others live.
When Posts and Honours, are not truck'd for
Gold,

Nor Rights, for Favour, or a Title sold. 22

When the State-Thieves are fastn'd to the Noose,
Then truss the Villain up, that stole the G O O S E.
Did you ne're read in Story of a Reign,

When War and Peace were sold, and Towns for
Gain?

When Souls were barter'd, and the Church was
made

A Stock for Statesmen, and the Courtiers trade.

When Services, which common Slaves despise,
Too foul to name 'em, were the Way to rise. 30

When He that shun'd their Riots was a Fool.

Who wou'd n't like the rest be mad, was dull.

Yet say did one of all these Wretches die?

How then in Reason, or by Law can I?

Let

Chap. ii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 191

Let Princes Lessons to their Courtiers be,
And these to us, and I'll with you agree,
That Magistrates on Vice severely fall,
And punish, as they ought, the great and small.
Till each is just, and equal in his Place,
To talk of Reformation is Grimace.

CHAP.

CH A P. VIII.

*The Fox still preaching to his Friend,
By others would himself defend.
Not willing to be thought a Rogue,
When Knav'ry was so much in Vogue.
That Trick, Caballing, and Deceit,
Were crept into the Church and State.
And to be honest, to be wise,
A most uncertain way to rise.
It may be so with brutal Kings,
But doubtless Men know better Things.*

STILL RENARD to his Guest--— You ever
knew

That Subjects, as their Monarch does, will do.
The People easily are led aside
By Fashion, a prevailing Lust, or Pride.
The Courtiers greedily our Wealth devour,
And gripe with either Hand, and grind the Poor.
Thro'

II. Chap. viii. or, the FOX, &c. 193

Thro' the wild Nations of the Woods, what
Beast

To those so cruel that can hurt 'em least.

For Bribes they help you, or a Turn to serve,

And Men, with all their Merit, else may starve. 10

So vertuous are the Times, so wondrous pure,

The Great, no Sinners but themselves, endure.

A better Age we may expect, indeed

So piously the topping Youth are bred.

Each Fop of Quality, of Title proud,

Leaves Vertue as below him, to the Croud.

Drinks, Games, Intrigues, and dwindles to a
Groat,

What Grandfire Citty, behind a Courtier, got.

Pray ask the Topers at the *Fleece* and *Rose*,

Wits, Criticks all, fine Gentlemen, and Beaus;

If Murder is a Sin? they tell you No, 21

For none, without a Tilt, can be a Beau.

O

'Tis

194 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

'Tis true, our Caluists, to refine it think,
And when they'd stab a Man, they say, they'l pink;
Else sober any one may fight, or drunk,
To vindicate his Farce, or keep his Punk.
And he that in so righteous a Cause,
Nor flings his Bottle, nor his Bilbao draws.
For a vile thing, a Craven, they condemn,
Not fit to tipple with such Braves as them. 30
Much more for me, you'l grant it may be said,
What Murders I have done, I did for Bread.
Those Men, and I a Beast, perhaps you'l cry
Those topping Sparks are greater Brutes than I.
Would you not think me a presumptuous Fool,
To shame my Betters, and to live by Rule?
A chaff, a sober, and religious Beast,
Makes in all Companies a standing Jest.
Nay e'n the Clergy, have you, Sir, discern'd
More meek, more sober than they grow, or learn'd?

I. Chap. viii. or, the FOX, &c. 195

Is not this still the merry Vicar's tale ?

Whose Sheaves yield most, and who has humming Ale?

Whose Hounds most swift, and Horses flee to run ?

What Knight for Taxes votes, and who for none?

Deal plainly, do you think our Parson looks

Till Saturday at Six, upon his Books?

Yet while his painful Neighbour wants a Score,

Three Hundred ev'ry Year are his, and more.

The BADGER to his Host— Who makes a Jest

Of the worst Priests, will do so by the best,

You, to the Failings of your Teacher blind,

Not what he does, but what he says, should mind.

In friendly manner thus the Day they spent,

And easie, on the next, to CÆSAR went.

196 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

CHAP. IX.

*As onward they proceed, an A P E
Acquaintance with the F O X would scrape.
And lately he pretends to come
From pious Pilgrimage to Rome.
He gives a sad Account, but short,
Of Pope, and of his Bishops Court.
Yet some will say we do not well,
To rail at Guide infallible.
But if he can, or cannot err,
The Matter we to him refer,
Who prov'd by laying Ten to One
The Church was never chous'd by Joan.
And now will lay it we presume,
Our M O N K E Y never was at Rome.*

A GAIN the Morning lifts her beauteous
Head,

And *Phæbus* rises from his Watry Bed.

So

Chap. ix. or, the F O X, &c. 197

So Bards express it, in their Cant sublime,
And so by Simile they measure Time.

The F O X and B A D G E R with the First of Day,
Set forth, and met the M O N K E Y by the Way.

A Player he — Such *Athens* nurs'd of old,
Wife, chaste, and only in their Action bold.

E're thoughtless Mimicks in a factious Age,
By countenancing Farce, debauch'd the Stage. 10

E're Slaves from menial Offices were seen,

To strut in Buskins, and defile the Scene :

Their Art was perfect, and their Morals pure,

A *Hamlet* ev'ry Actor, and a *Moor*.

Parnassus was the ready road to Fame,

And Poets then, and Prophets, were the same.

I see, the M O N K E Y to the Rebel cries,

Some trouble on your noble Spirit lies.

Your Pains if you declare, and your Disease,

'Tis odds, my Friend, but I can give you Ease.

198 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

The F o x, a cunning Rogue, profoundly sighs, 21
And claps a hidden Onion to his Eyes.
Forth then a Deluge of salt Tears he pours,
Like Matron grave, at *Burgeſſe's*, or *Shower's*.

Now R E N A R D to the A P P E — “My Caſe, a-
las!

Is ſuch a Caſe as never Subjects was,
This Royal Meſſenger was ſent to bring
Your Friend, accus'd before a wrathful King.
Banish'd the Church, for tempting, (as 'tis ſaid)
The W O L F to break a Holy Vow he made. 30
Things will to ruin in my Abſence go,
For Abſolution, if I croſs the *Po* ;
From ſacred Censure, were I freed at *Rome*,
I'd eaſily defend my ſelf at home.

To him the M O N K Y—Take no further Care,
Depend on me to manage your Affair :

By

Chap. ix. *or, the FOX, &c.* 199

By Business call'd, I'm often on the Place,
And in his Holiness's special Grace;
Pardons, Indulgences, I buy and sell,
They're good Commodities, and answer well. 40
To *Spanish* Cardinals, and *French* I'm known,
And nothing well can be without me done;
For all your Sins, Remission I'll procure,
As cheaply bought, were they as many more.
Tho' who, to have it full, the Price would grutch?
A Ducat in a Pardon, is not much;
Be what they will, I'll Absolution get,
For what you have, and what you shall commit;
With Money, you your Agent must supply,
To bribe the Court, and what you want, to buy
The Queen will favour, and defend you here,
While warmly, I your Cause solicit there. 52

200 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book II.

You'l much oblige me, quo' the Fox, and
more

Than the best Friend, I ever had before.

The World shall sooner from its Basis rowl,

The Stars shall cease to fly from Pole to Pole,

E're I, and all my House, refuse to lend

To you my Kinsman, and so good a Friend :

Our Lives, and what by Fortune, we possess,

But how can Words, my Gratitude express? 60

To you I leave it all : you understand

Their Ways, he said— And shook him by the
Hand.

Then greeting, civilly, they both embrac'd,

And forwards on their different Journeys pass'd.

Thus if you venture near a Court, you'l find
Enough that will profess to be as kind ;

Not one you meet, but to your Toe will bow,

And how he loves, and how he'l serve you, vow.
Tho'

Chap. ix. *or, the FOX, &c.* 201

Tho Thousands better have advis'd, than I,
Warn'd you of Treachery, and bad you fly. 70

There, fondly while they flatter you, you stay,
In Lust the Night, in Riots spend the Day.

You praise, are prais'd, and are so much in
Grace,

You're sure, (nor will you be content with less) }
Next Minister that outs, to have his Place. }

You wast your Wealth, in hopes of getting more,
And find your self, at last, despis'd, and poor.

There Poets, wretched, as you think 'em, meet
A Croud of Titles, to support their Wit :

Yet, is there one of them, who would not choose
A Mimick, or a Jilt, before a Muse? 80

More Gold, who would not lavish for a Tune,
From a lewd Sycophant, and Stage-Buffoon.

More Guineas lavish on a needy Rake,
Than modest Merit wou'd expect, or take.

202 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book II.*

No wonder that the silly Authors please,
Whose Wit, and theirs, are nearest of a Piece.
So Satyr honest, and undaunted, says,
Since Truth like Virtue is its proper Praise.
Fly, fly, the doubtful Favours of the Great 90
And seek the silent Shade, thy dear retreat.
Not wanting, do not crave ; 'tis Time to know,
A little, with a Mind content, will do.
Fortune once smil'd, and she may smile again,
Yet want'st thou any thing, which thou hadst
then?
Fly the fair Tempter, never trust her more,
Knaves fawn upon her most, and Fools adore.
Her Goods to these, she bountifully gives;
The Fop grows famous, and the Villain thrives.

The End of the Second Book.

BOOK

BOOK III.

Hence, hence, ye Scoffers! leave our
humble Tale.

Your Quarrel, is, we know, 'tis mean
and stale.

And what will render it absurd to you,

The Moral of the Fable's grave and true.

Poets of Old affected to rehearse

Their sacred Oracles, in lowly Verse.

But you're so delicate refin'd, and nice,

Our imitating them, you think a Vice.

To you, the next prevailing Farce we leave,

Your sage Opinion of the Piece to give. 10

Our just Ambition, and our Wishes, rise

To other Praise, and your Applause despise.

Could we like *Garth* in flowing Numbers tell

How Discord rose, and how the Fury fell.

No

204 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

You'd curse the faultless Poem, where you found
No Page defenceless, and no part to wound :

Pure is his Flame and pleases when it warms,
His Sense convinces, and his Musick charms.

To *Garth*, *Apollo* doth at once reveal

The double Secret, to delight and heal. 20

A gen'rous Friend to Nature and his kind,

He cures the Body, and he calms the Mind ;

Nor writes at random, nor by Fortune saves,

Nor peoples by Neglect the neighb'ring Graves.

While *Bavius* with abominable Sounds

His Reader frightens, and his Patient wounds.

So *David* on his Harp was wont to sing,

And chase the Demon, and restore the King :

But *Baal's* lewd Prophets made the Monarch mad,

And rais'd the Devil which the Poet laid. 30

Cou'd we, like *Dennis*, with judicious Rage,

Lash Error into Truth, and teach the Age.

Like

or, the *FOX*, &c. 205

Like *Congreve*, cou'd we point the reigning Vice,
Would Fops grow modest, or, wou'd you be
wife ?

Till then the sober will the Muse forgive,

Like Beasts to treat you, who no better live.

CHAP.

206 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

CHAP. I.

ARGUMENT.

*As nearer to the King he draws,
The FOX begins to doubt his Cause.
And some believe he'ad Reason good,
Who knew so well how Matters stood.
Besides that he had slain the HARE,
He took by Force the CONEY's Ear.
And to dismember, by the Act
Is hanging if you prove the Fact.
And that an Ear is lost we know,
The CONEY has but one to show,
The Fate of many a Modern Beau.*

CONscience which takes the proper time to
sting,

Now bites the Knave as he beholds the King.
His Foes around, and from their Seats they rise,
To stare on R ENARD, with revengeful Eyes.

But

Chap. i. or, *the FOX*, &c. 207

But fearful, as he was, the guilty F o x
Resolv'd that none should know it by his Looks.
Yet inly, to himself he said, " I see,
This Air will never with my Health agree.
Fool as I was, what business had I here
Who knew my Guilt, and what I had to fear. 10

G R E V I N C U S gheffing at his Trouble, strove
To comfort him, and thus his Doubts remove :

Tho' some of these your Enemies may be,
Your noble Friends on ev'ry Side you see.
Courage ; you read, and by the Wise are told,
Fortune is only Friendly to the bold.

I thank you, says the Wight, from you I find
The best Relief to my distemper'd Mind.
Then stepping forward, to the Throne he bows,
With Looks as harmless as the Turtle's Spouse.
And

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And on his Knees begins. "O King renown'd,
With Valour, Victory, and Justice crown'd. 22
On Earth Vicegerent of th' Immortal Pow'rs,
Rewards and Punishments are only yours :
'Tis a bad Age we live in, and expect
That Vertue you reward, and Vice correct.
'Tis a bad Age, we cry, but who must mend ?
To Honesty and Truth since all pretend.
Ah were our Crimes upon our Foreheads writ,
Yon WOLF and BEAR who by your Person sit,
Wou'd n't long triumph, nor be suffer'd there, 31
To croud the Bench, whilst RENARD'S at the
Bar.

No Witnesſes I then ſhould need to prove
To you my Duty, to your Slaves my Love.
Oh Monarch ! Guardian of Our ſacred Laws,
To fear, what Reason ! when you judge my Cauſe,

Whose

Chap. i. or, the FOX, &c. 209

Whose Justice does with Mercy ever joyn
Your Soul, in all its Attributes, divine.

He said— The Senate to his Speech attend,
And some dislike it all, and some commend. 40

P

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

*Again the FOX confounds his Foes,
And wonderfully wards their Blows:
For while himself he justifies,
To turn the Charge on them, he tries.
The Beasts who warmest were before,
Now give their Accusation o're.
And, as 'tis with the Wits a Rule,
Who goes out first shall be the Fool:
So 'tis in greater Things the same,
The Present will the Absent blame.*

AT RENARD'S Impudence the Court admire,
And what he had to say, to hear desire.
King LION starting from his Royal Seat,
Thus spoke him trembling at the Monarch's Feet:

Once on Our self thou didst thy Lies impose,
Escap'd Our Justice and the ready Noose;

Now

Chap. ii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 211

Now, that the Villain we have caught again,
Our Slaves no more shall of thy Fraud complain,
How durst thou Rebel, in a Peace profound,
The CONEY coming to Our Presence, wound?
How with uninstanc'd Cruelty destroy
The CROW's dear Consort, and his Ages Joy:
Scarce a Petition which we lately see,
But something it contains of Wrong and Thee.
'Tis Time we listen to the common Cry,
Exert our Power, and let the Traitor die.

The FOX, who found himself within his reach^r
Was not much tickled with his florid Speech.
As matters went, he wish'd himself at home,
And, rather than be where he was, at *Rome*.
Yet boldly to the King, he thus replies,
But strikes his hollow Bosom first, and sighs.

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Ye Pow'rs Immortal, witness to my Pray'r,
Bless me, or curse me, as a Truth I swear.
By your bright Throne, and your Imperial Spouse,
Death, rather than your Anger, I would choose.
You was, I own, you was a God to me,
You sav'd my wretched Life and set me free.
Not one of all this grumbling Rabble dar'd
Rail at the Fav'rite that the King prefer'd.
By my ill Fate no sooner call'd away,
Than what they think, and what they wish, they
say.
Since to defie their Malice I appear,
I only beg your Majesty will hear,
And all, that are not prejudic'd, shall own,
My Enemies have most abus'd the Throne.
Had I been guilty, would I now have come
To urge my Vengeance, and receive my Doom?

When

Chap. ii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 213

When, well acquainted with the Wood, no Pow'r
No Force could hurt me in my Hole secure.

Of Guilt, or Foes, I little thought, alas!

To *Rome* for pardon then about to pass;

When honestly my Friend the BADGER came

To tell me how the Wretches wrong'd my
Fame.

For *ROME*, as I was just to part prepar'd,

This News which stop'd me, and surpriz'd, I
hear'd.

The MONKEY, thank him, has engag'd to do

My Business there, while I attended You.

A fair Excuse I had to travel there,

For my Soul's Welfare is the grand Affair. 50

If Fear had touch'd Me; whom have I to fear?

The Fool Sir *IS GRIM*, and the Booby *BEAR*?

No, Sacred Sir, their Folly I contemn,

And innocent to you, I laugh at them.

214 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Their famous Talents are, we know, to rail,
But Truth o're Falshood will at last prevail.
The **C O N E Y**, who this mighty Stir has made,
Is a most grateful, and Ingenious Blade.
Famish'd I met him at my Castle-Gate,
I ask'd him to come in, and bad him eat : 60
A plenteous Table for my Cousin spread,
I fill'd his Belly, and his Hunger fed :
Ev'n then, th' Inhospitable Villain seiz'd
My youngest Son, and on his Bones wou'd feast ;
His Brother from the Wretch, my Boy reliev'd,
And in the Scuffle was the Wound receiv'd.
The **C R O W** so often has expos'd his Ears,
None will believe what such a Fellow swears.
'Twou'd give a better Colour to the Thing,
If I could take his Mistris on the Wing ; 70
Weary of one which he had long enjoy'd,
His Wife to eat her, he himself destroy'd ;

'Tis

Chap. ii. *or, the F O X, &c.* 215

'Tis not the first that, rather than be starv'd,
The bloody Rascal to his Table serv'd :
His Charge, I pray, he may be made to prove.
Here, to defend my Innocence, I stand,
And a fair Trial, as my Right, demand :
My Jury, and my Judge, will grant me this,
My Evidence at least's as good as his. 80

The Senate are amaz'd to hear the Wight
Talk of a Trial, and a Subject's Right.
The CROW and CONEY too, begin to doubt
Their Cause goes ill, and jostle to get out :
And nothing in their own Defences speak,
But curse the Traitor, and away they sneak.

CHAP. III.

*The BEAR and ISGRIM are perplext,
To think what Changes will be next.
They staring on each other stood,
And would be quiet, if they cou'd.
Their topping Witnesses are gone.
E're half their Evidence is done,
And RENARD will not leave 'em so,
His Malice and his Fraud they know,
And both remember they had like
To hang before for such a Trick.*

THE Witnesses withdrawn, the WOLF and
BEAR
Some Danger to their Noble Persons fear,
For none, to second them, in Court appear.
The FOX's Tryal to come on is nam'd,
And Silence by the Crier, thrice proclam'd.

Then

Chap. iii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 217

Then thus the Monarch; "Are there none who
dare

Accuse the Pris'ner present at the Bar?

Now, who are injur'd, come and prove their
Wrongs,

Or ever after let them hold their Tongues.

To him the Fox; "O Sov'reign of the Wood,
Where are the Wretches now that thirst for Blood?
Against me, who had gain'd the thoughtless
Croud,

12

When present, silent; and when absent, loud;

Their boasted Evidence, you see are gone,

The CONY crept away, the Bird is flown.

King LION furious— If thou'rt guiltless, where
Are now my Chaplain, and thy Friend the HARE?
How durst thou in defiance of my Will,
Betray my Messengers, my Servants kill?

Then

218 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Then insolently send his Head to Me, 20
By the poor Priest, whose Death I lay to thee.
Were these the Fruits of thy Repentance? Say,
Are Pilgrims us'd to Murder in their Way?

Then groaning horribly— The Traitor said
Is my good Friend, and is his Fellow dead?
Gods! What an Age is this? when Priests for Gain
Will rob, and murder, and insult the slain.
O, never shall I find a Friend so dear,
So honest, so obliging as the H A R E :
Him with my Life, my Fortune I could trust, 30
For oft I try'd him, and I found him just.
By him a Portion of the hidden store,
Jewels I sent you, and the precious Ore;
Enough to tempt him to the Deed, but who
Cou'd think a Priest so base a Thing cou'd do?

The

Chap. iii. *or, the F O X, &c.* 219

The King, will suffer him no more to say,
And bids the Gaoler take the Thief away.

The Queen to RENARD in Affliction, kind,
Her Pray'rs with Kisses, and Caresses joyn'd,
To calm the Monarch, and compose his Mind.

Is he unworthy of your Royal Grace, 41
My Dear ! consider his Illustrious Race ;
Not BRUIN, nor the WOLF, who hate him
most,
So noble a Descent as his can boast.

The King ; Whatever we resolve, you still
Endeavour to oppose Our sacred Will :
His Fraud you heard, his Impudence have seen,
And what do you expect ? To him the Queen,
What

220 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

What Reason, and what Equity exact,
That such as have accus'd him, prove the Fact ?
Those Seas of Blood they tell you he has spilt. 51
His Cunning is his Sin, his Wit his Guilt.
Much good e'en You yourself, My Lord, must
own,
To you, and to your Subjects he has done :
And will you suffer him to be oppress'd,
Because the Rogue is wittier than the Rest.

CHAP. I

CHAP. IV.

*The Queen, good Body, to prevail,
Proves RENARD honest, by a Tale.*

*Tho' somewhat dull, and long it is,
You must not take the Thing amiss;
Be't long, or short, or good or ill,
Or flat, or slight, or what it will,
Since by a Lioness 'tis told,*

*Pray be not with the Tale too bold,
Excuse her, if she hap to Err,
'Tis all you're like to have from Her.*

YOUR Pardon, quo' the King, if I forget
We and Our Subjects are in RENARD'S
Debt:

Forgetfulness at Court's a common Crime,
Pray name the Service, Madam, and the Time.

Your

222 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Your Mem'ry, Husband, Is not sure so short,
But if you doubt your Queen, consult the Court.
Some two Years since, for I must punctual be,
A Peasant chanc'd to set a Serpent free.
The Snake was in the Toils, and pray'd the Clown
To disengage him; as he pray'd, 'twas done, 10
Tho' first the Loon to make his Bargain fair,
Wou'd have the Serpent not to hurt him, swear.
Yet, soon as he was out, the Snake came on,
And arm'd, and threatn'd to dispatch the Clown.
Oh! is it thus, he cries, you keep your Vow?
— My Hunger does my Breach of Faith allow.
The Clown— Ah spare my Life, and if you find
One in a Thousand of your Worship's Mind;
Your Right unquestionably I'll confess,
To roast or boil me then, or what you please. 20

Agreed

Chap. iv. or, the FOX, &c. 223

Agreed, I'm hungry, Sirrah, and in hast,
An Hour's the longest Minute I will wast. }
Two C R O W S before them, as he said it, past.
To these the Serpent tells his Case, who doom
His Body to the Snake in Hopes of some.
The Clown complains the Sentence is not fair,
They're Birds of Prey, and may expect a Share.
The B E A R approaching, and the W O L F he spy'd,
To these the Matter told, by them was try'd:
Both rudely said, the Snake was in the right, 30
And if he long'd to eat the Clown, he might.
The Serpent to the Loon— You see you're cast,
Come yield your Carcass, 'tis my own at last.
Oh stay, Sir Serpent, yet a Minute stay,
They're Rascals all that lighted in our Way.
To the King's Council, I my Cause resign,
For all are righted there, and Right is mine.

224 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

A Match, says BRUIN, so to Court they came,
Their Story still, their Argument the same.

The Plaintiff and Defendant both were heard, 40
And loudly most against the FOX declar'd.

When RENARD thus— My Lords! It seems to
Me,

The Clown's great Error was the Snake to free.

The Serpent can of nothing else complain,

I therefore vote him to the Toils again ;

Whence, if the Peasant now he knows his Crime,
Should free him saucily a second Time,

I move, to terrify his fellow Clowns,

The Serpent if he please, may pick his Bones.

Your Council order'd what the FOX had mov'd,
Admir'd his Wisdom, and his Vote approv'd. 51

Which of your Princes, will the WOLF or BEAR

With RENARD for a nimble Heel compare?

Or Cunning to avoid the latent Snare?

But

Chap. iv. *or, the F O X, &c.* 225

But Strength o'er Policy is now in Vogue,
And he that i'n't a Giant, is a Rogue.
The thoughtful Person is a plodding Knave,
The Bully now, it seems, the only Brave.
Despair and Infamy these Heroes nurse,
They learn to cut a Throat, and then a Purse. 60
While R E N A R D by industrious Wisdom strives
To get his Bread, and on his Labor lives,
B R U I N and I S G R I M by their boasted Pow'r,
Lay waste your Provinces, your Slaves devour.
Poor R E N A R D seldom is perceiv'd to roam,
He minds his honest Work, and toils at home.
Again I beg you to be just, my Lord!
The F O X to Favour will be then restor'd.

The King — Your Fav'rite is a Thief by
Birth,
The lewdest and the falsest Wretch on Earth. 70

Q .

Who

226 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Who has not suffer'd by his vile Deceit ?

The GOAT, the CROW, the CONEY, and the
CAT,

The WOLF, the BEAR, the Senate all com-
plain,

The Rebel is the Scandal of Our Reign :

To morrow We must further weigh his Cause,
And guide Ourselves by Justice and the Laws.

CHAP.

My

CHAP. V.

Next day the Pris'ner at the Bar
Is try'd for murdering the HARE.
The Proof against him's plain enough,
And hard'twill go, if he gets off.
Unlawfully the Chaplain swings,
Is't RENARD's Fault, or is't the King's?
'Tis all we to the matter say,
The Priest did hang, the Pris'ner may.
Manlaughter was n't then in use
To save Assassins from the Noose.

FOrth then their Criminal the Jaylors bring,
To answer for himself before the King ;

To whom the Monarch with a wrathful Eye,
" Produce the HARE, or thou thyself shalt die.

" Ah Sir ! if dying would recal my Friend,
My Death should willingly this Tryal end.

Q 2

Thus

228 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Thus fraudulent to his Master he replies,
And turns away, to weep, his roguish Eyes.

“ Hear me, O King! and then my Fate decree,
When Mischief ’s done, ’tis ever laid on me. 10
With Patience I afflicting Censure bear,
But Guilt is quickly follow’d by Despair.
Ne’er to myself can I my Fault excuse,
To trust my Treasure with a Priest so loose;
When well I knew, for I’d been often told,
The GOAT would sacrifice his Faith for Gold;
Yet madly by the wicked Wretch to send
Gems of rich Price, and what was more, my
Friend.

What can I say or to my self or you?
Where find the Murd’rer, or the Thief pursue? 20

Your

Chap. v. *or, the FOX, &c.* 229

Your Jewels, says the MONKY's Wife, ne'er
fear

Shall be found, RENARD, if they ever were.

The Carrier and the Convoy both are gone,

'Tis now too late to wish the thing undone,

Pray tell me how the Diamonds may be known.

“ So brilliant were the Stones, you hope in
vain .

Who once has got, will give 'em us again.

All in a Silver Cabinet enclos'd,

A Trust too weighty in a Fool repos'd.

Yet why shou'd I accuse my Friend deceas'd ? 30

His Life it cost him, thank the cruel Priest.

Whoever has conceal'd, where-e'er 'tis hid,

With him that finds it I'll the Wealth divide :

To fetch 'em tho' I suffer'd much before,

If ever they are found, 'twill cost me more.

CHAP. VI.

*The Fox in swearing do's n't flinch,
Nor wags from what he says, an Inch;
But thorowstitch he goes, as Oates
And Rumsey did to prove their Plots.
Tho' something Oates, you'll tell me, knew,
And Rumsey was a Plotter too.
What then? so RENARD did at least
As much as Rumsey did or W—st,
Or Fuller Evidence renown'd
To Bridewel Exercises bound:
That is, you'll own, and so must I,
He knows 'tis ev'ry Word a Lie.*

THen RENARD to the Throne, “ I hum-
bly pray
You'll hear what I in my defence can say;
What by the GOAT I sent you I'll explain
In as few Words and modest as I can:

Much

Chap. vi. *or, the FOX, &c.* 231

Much Speaking I abhor, and when I speak,
With wordy Periods wou'd n't cheat the weak :
Nor pertly impudent a Side to please,
The Senate entertain with Repartees.
Once driv'n, for Lewdness, from the Court, and
Pride,
I scorn with Faction, in revenge, to side ; 10
More happy in my Province I remain,
And watch my Lab'ers and the rising Grain,
Repenting there the Error of my Ways,
My Love of Mutiny, and Lust of Praise,
Unus'd to Council, for the State unfit,
My Talent's Railing and invidious Wit ;
E'en I this Truth against my self must own,
Who bid you think of me, abus'd the Throne.
Fools hate me, Beasts of better Sense despise,
And none would be content that I should rise. 20

232 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

This will your Majesty, I hope, convince,
I have no Int'rest to deceive my Prince.
In the rich Cabinet I nam'd, is lost
A Ring of wondrous Vertue and of Cost ;
Amid, the mighty Artist set a Stone,
Which sparkl'd like a Star, and brightly shone ;
Around the Circle was in Figures wrote
Some *Druid's* antient Prophecy, 'twas thought,
So difficult to read, that scarce a Lord
(Your Pardon, Noble Peers !) cou'd ghes a
Word : 30

Tho' *Devius* did the Mystery unfold,
The Date discover of the written Gold,
He own'd the Letters were indeed defac'd,
Yet high as *Adam* had the Writing trac'd,
And offer'd many weighty Proofs to bring
To *Eve* 'twas given for a Wedding-Ring.

So

Chap vi. or, the FOX, &c. 233

So *Devius* said, and *Devius* is allow'd
As learn'd as S—r was, tho' not as proud.
Whoever wore it hidden, was secure
From Thunder, Lightning, or from Charms im-
pure : 40

'Twould either cool the Hot, or warm the Cold,
Make wise the young, and fortify the old.
It brightned ev'ry thing it touch'd, and seem'd
The Stone of which the learn'd have often
dream'd.

O'er Midnight Darkness it triumph'd, and bore
The shipwrack'd Seaman to the distant Shore,
Thro' Flames unhurt with this a Beast might go,
Thro' hostile Armies, and defie the Foe.

'Twould keep a Fav'rite in his Master's Grace,
And serve to gain or to preserve a Place. 50

The Treasure for a Subject was too great,
Your Wants, Imperial and your Queen's 'twould
fit ;

Whose

234 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Whose Life, whose Health shou'd be your Ser-
vants Care ;

And you to them, as they to you, are dear.

C H A P. VII.

*In days of yore among the Fair,
A Looking Glass, it seem'd, was rare ;
The Queen herself was wont to look,
And set her Toppings in the Brook.
No Coxcombs then in Pocket Glasses
Their Wigs adjusted and their Faces.
Narcissus drowning like a Fop,
First brought your polisht Mirrors up.
For tho' our Beaus, as well as he,
Are fond their pretty selves to see,
Yet none will venture in a Passion
To drown, since hanging came in fashion.*

“ **W**ith this, fair Princess! to the Queen
the Fox,

A Comb I sent you for your golden Locks.

Chap. vii. or, the FOX, &c. 235

A Mirror which you'd say, if you had seen,
Was a fit Present for so great a Queen.
So bright, so wrought and polisht, it excell'd
Achilles Armor, and *Minerva's* Shield.
Yet all too little that your Slave could do,
Fairest and greatest of your Sex, for You.
My Life your Gift, or what I have or am,
From Mercy, Madam! or your Bounty, came:
Whose Pray'rs and Beauty only could engage
The King to pardon me, and sooth his Rage.
I sent this Tribute of my grateful Soul,
Part of my Treasure, and design'd the whole.
An antient Artist on the costly Frame
Had carv'd the *Trojan* Youth and *Grecian* Dame,
The Loves of *Paris* and the *Dardan* Maid,
And how on *Ida* as the Flocks he fed,
Three naked Goddesses the Youth survey'd.

From

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From *Pallas* Victory the am'rous Swain 20
Refus'd — From *Juno*, o'er the World to reign,
But ogld *Venus* with lascivious Eyes,
Beauty she promis'd, and she gain'd the Prize.

Thus a fam'd Hero in our late Alarms
Refus'd the Glory and the Toil of Arms,
Too far amid the Foe he fear'd to roam,
And loiter'd with a wanton Punk at home.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

*The FOX his Fiction still pursues,
And that he'll lie is now no News.
You who're so nice you cannot bear
A Lie or so by chance to hear,
We warn you, that you mayn't be vex't,
Skip the next Chapter and the next.
Where Scandal flourishes, forbear
Your Visits to the Great and Fair,
To Grumblers, Evidences, Cits,
Phanaticks, Gazetteers, and Wits.*

EXcuse me, Madam! if I tedious seem,
Since to be shorter, I must spoil the Theme.
Oh were my Fancy, like the Subject, bold,
To paint the Figures of the rising Gold.
Men, Beasts, what Actions past, and what In-
trigues

In the wide Circuit of a hundred Leagues,

In

238 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

In distant Provinces who went and came,
The Glas reflected from the lambent Flame.

Around old Stories on the Sides were wrought,
How Discord first arose and Armies fought. 10
Long since what happen'd or to Man or Beast,
And this remarkable among the rest.

“ A Horse, whose Master was a Spark
That had a Place in *Woodstock*-Park,
And lov'd to kiss a Wench i'th' dark,
Believ'd he was a Racer,
And faster than a Buck could fly ;
Whose Heels were best, forsooth wou'd try,
And when his Master next came by,
He argues thus the Case, Sir : 20

Anon

Anon you have a lightfom Moon,
The Ranger is, you know, in Town,
We'll bring those lofty Antlers down,
I'll warrant I out-run him.

The Gamester took him at his Word,
The Buck was fatten'd for the Board,
And in the Absence of my Lord,
Who else but he should own him?

So up upon his Horse he gets,
Begins the Chace, the Racer sweats, 30
Grows weary, and the Rider frets
To lose so fair a Bargain.

I beg you, quo' the Beast, alight,
Your Worship is a monstrous Weight
For me — (Perhaps a Cart-horse might)
To bear you is a hard thing.

The

240 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

The Hunter's deaf, and spurs him on,
Compels him forcibly to run,
Till Deer, and then the Horse, dropt down,
Well serv'd for his Invention. 40
Full tir'd and full resolv'd, 'tis thought,
Of who runs best, and who do's not,
To make no future Mention.

Thus may all suffer, who with Envy burn,
And on themselves their wicked Plots return.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

*We've mist no Chapter, nor to this,
Our noble Arguments must miss.
A certain Puppy, and an Ass
Together liv'd, so RENARD says;
And if you'll read the Story out,
You'l then know what it was about.*

THE Wight continues to the Queen his Tale;
And seldom does his rich Invention fail;
Another Picture on the Piece was carv'd,
How aukward Servants should themselves be
serv'd.
What usage for a stupid Fool is fit,
Who aims at Flattery, the Sport of Wit.

A Farmer, somewhere, once there was,
Who kept a *Puppy* and an *Ass*,

R

As

242 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

As many more have done.

The Dog about his Master kept, 10

And duly in his Bosom slept,

And turn'd out honest *Joan*.

On Bacon, and on Broth he fed,

On *Suffolk* Cheese, and Barley-Bread,

And eat the best the Farmer had,

Whose *Afs* the Favour grudg'd :

Then to his Master thus he spoke,

Shall I be faithful to the Yoke,

While he is fatten'd for a Joke, 20

With that for which I drudg'd ?

No, Troth, I've tug'd and toil'd enough,

Pray put your *Oxen* to the Plough,

I mean to flatter, cringe, and bow,

And play like him, and feast.

So

Chap. ix. *or, the FOX, &c.* 243

So up he leaps, and licks his Beard,
And brays, and by his Hinds are heard,
Who to their Master's help appear'd,
And on the Lubber seiz'd.

They forely beat, and left him bound, 30
In wretched Pickle, and in Pound.

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CHAP. X.

*Methinks we hear the Reader cry
Why all this Stir about a Lie?
No Matter if 'tis false or true,
We wish it done, as well as you.
But such we found it, such we leave it,
And as we took the Tale, we give it.*

Forgive me, Sir, if I have been too long,
Nor better in your presence rul'd my
Tongue.

A Minutes Patience more, I pray,
'Twill finish what I have to say.

My Father once in Days of Yore,
Had almost spent his Winter-Store,
And out he went to prog for more,
And with him went the CAT.

Both

Chap. x. *or, the FOX, &c.* 245

Both vow'd whatever Luck they had,
To share the good alike and bad, 10
What Fowl they pick'd up on the Pad,
The lean ones with the fat.

That neither should his Friend betray,
But help each other on the Way.

Not far they run before the DOGS,
With Hue and Cry pursu'd the Rogues,
O're Hills and Dales, and dirty Bogs,
Much Peril sure befel 'em.
For what with Sweat, and what with Fear,
I've heard my Father often swear, 20
The very't Mungrel Puppy there,
A League behind, might smell 'em.

R 3

Then

246 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Then MALKIN to my Sire, you see
The Danger ; run your self, for me
I mean to climb up yonder Tree,

And as he said, he did it.

Beneath my Father had a Hole,
Where when he had a Treasure stole,
And Wealth he lov'd with all his Soul,
Securely there he hid it.

30

The HOUNDS came up, Sir RENARD flies
And leaves the Gold behind him.

The Traitor from his Willow cries,
Look in, and there you'll find him.

My Life, kind Sirs, I beg you'll save,
I'll freely give you all I have.

The

Chap. x. *or, the FOX, &c.* 247

The Secret to the Foe he told,
Who mis'd the Fox, but found the Gold.
Ye Travellers! well observe this Rule,
Ne're trust a Coward, or a Fool. 40

R 4

CHAP.

248 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

CHAP. XI.

*Come let him tell one Fable more,
'Tis all we hope he has in store.
King LION and his Queen are pleas'd,
And so are you, or would at least.
From any one but us, we're sure,
As much Impertinence endure.
So since we have the Tale begun,
We'l e'en continue't till 'tis done.*

THis other Story on the Frame was told,
In lively Figures on the burnish'd Gold,

A WOLF, who every body knows,
Is greedy at his Meals, and gross,
Once feasted on the Carcass
Of HORSE deceas'd, and by ill Luck,
A Splinter in his Weazon stuck.

The

Chap xi. or, the *F O X*, &c. 249

The Bone remaining in his Throat,
No Doctor dar'd to pull it out,
As Matters went, a hard Case. 10

E'en *M*——d who plies about the Town,
For Practice, and could pick up none,
Refus'd to meddle with the Bone,
Tho' double Fees were offer'd;
The *C R A N E* in Physick but a Quack,
His Knowledge, and his Length of Neck,
To do the Business proffer'd.

The Patient gapes, and down his Throat,
He thrusts his Bill, and pulls it out,
Demanding then his Fees. 20
You Rascal, quo' the *W O L F*, be gone,
'Twas well I let your Neck alone,
Which after thou hadst got the Bone,
I might have snapt with ease;

No

250 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

No grumbling, Sirrah, get you down,
And thank me on your Knees.

A grateful Person was the WOLF, and so
The high Reward the Service of the low.
These artful Figures on the round was seen,
Of the rich Glas intended for the Queen. 30
Curst be the Robber, whom I then believ'd,
Honest like me, but now am undeceiv'd.
May Heav'n reveal (to clear my righteous Soul)
Who kill'd my Friend, and who the Treasure stole.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

*Next RENARD puts the King in mind.
How to his Sire he once was kind.
A Doctor by Profession he,
As fam'd as Maurus now may be.
The King he cur'd, but that was past,
A Deed forgotten in the last;
His hanging, and a wicked Son,
Spoil'd all the good that he had done.*

NO Wonder, that amongst your vast Affairs,
Your Majesty forgets his private Cares.
Once when infected by the Plague, you lay,
The lazy Doctors whom you kept in pay,
Despair'd to save you, till my Father came,
And brought the Cure, and won immortal Fame.
No Pedant just come up to Town, from School,
No formal Fop nor 'Pothecaries Tool,

No.

252 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III

Nor of himself, nor of his Travels full,
Like *Querpo* drowfie, nor like *Carus* dull; 10
Nor Fav'rites flatter'd, nor prefer'd a-Side,
And none with him, for want of Money dy'd.
No little ways to get a Name, he'd take,
As *Garth* as knowing, and as learn'd as *Drake*.
Your grave Physicians gave their Monarch o're,
Their Art was spent, and they cou'd write no
more;
Ev'n then my Father to his Health restor'd
Our King, and to the Nations gave their Lord.
Nor with cool Julips he your Fever quench'd,
Nor with abominable Potions drench'd, 20
To cram their Files, by 'Pothecaries brib'd:
But a warm Liver of a WOLF prescrib'd.
Seven Summers was his Age to be, or more.
Then I SGRIM, I am safe, for mine is Four.
Your Age, my Father to the WOLF repli'd,
We better, when you're open'd, shall decide:
The

Chap. xii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 253

The Truth we'll soon discover when you're dead,
Your Corpse dissected, and your Body flead.
Your Worship's Skin, my Science thinks it meet,
To put for Pigeons to my Patient's Feet. 30

Forth then the Butcher his hot Liver pluck'd,
The Flesh you swallow'd, and the Blood you
suck'd,

Lusty, and we'll you rous'd your drooping Head,
And Royal Honours to my Sire decreed ;
In Pomp and Purple to the College born,
He took his Place, and was your Doctor sworn :
To him you gave the Medal and a Chain,
Yet, what do I by his Preferment gain ?

The Times, (forgive me, Sir) are alter'd since,
The wise, and learn'd, were then about their
Prince. 40

The Creatures who were seen of late to rise,
Are those who prosecute the learn'd and wise.

Plain

254 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Plain Satyr (conscious of their Guilt) they fear,
And war with Reason, and with Wit, declare.
Now, may a Beast for sordid Gold be great,
Have Pow'r and Place, and any Thing but Wit.

C H A P. XIII.

*The F O X his own good Deeds declares,
His Service to the Throne,
Sir I S G R I M's Vices and the B E A R's
He thunders in the Monarch's Ears,
And thus would hide his own.*

*The F O X is by his Foes accus'd,
But when his Foes prevail,
In Favour all, the King abus'd,
And out of Favour rail.*

*As late a Man we know full well,
At Court did loudly roar
At Places, yet the first that fell,
He took, and said no more.*

*My dear dear Countrymen farewell,
I've now another Tale to tell,
But if again I should be out,
Believe, again I'll come about,
And rattle as before.*

The

256 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

THE Monarch LION— We have understood

What Mischief you have done, but ne're what Good.

Our Heralds we've consulted, and have found
Your House is only for Deceit renown'd.

Thieving, and Treachery, they tell us, run
From Father, in your Family, to Son.

If all that every Body says, is true,

D——b's as good a Gentleman as you.

I dare not to my Sov'reign thus reply,
Or else I'd give your Heralds, Sir, the Lie. 10
Your Royal Self was of another Mind,
And to your Slave, have formerly been kind.
Far be 't from R E N A R D, Sacred Sir, to bring
This, as an Instance, to upbraid my King.
Time was, from Conquest, when your Armies
came,
Your Spirits wasted with the Toils of Fame. The

Chap. xiii. or, the F O X, &c. 257

The WOLF and me, you in a Forest met,
Prepar'd the Plunder of the Day to eat,
A Share your Majesty wou'd fain have bought ;
With Peril, quo' the WOLF, the PIG was caught;
I'm loth to sell it, since it cost us dear. 20
The Pork's our own, and we have none to spare.
With gentle Words I sooth'd him to submit,
And for his Gold to give the King a Bit.
Soon as the Rascal had the Mony ta'n,
He grudg'd, and wou'd have snatch'd it back again.
The King enrag'd to vindicate his Right,
Had slain the Glutton, but he scap'd by flight.

Again, and readily your Slaves obey,
You bade us both attend you to your Prey. 30
A CALF we caught, and 'twas a pretty Tit,
Fatten'd for Sale, and for the Shambles fit.
To me 'twas left the Plunder to divide,
I gave to you, and to my Queen a Side;

S

The

258 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III

The Princes on the Lights and Liver fed,
And ISGRIM greedily dispatch'd the Head ;
To me the Feet (a little Portion) fell,
On which, content, I made a hearty Meal.
Pleas'd with your Carver, you demand to know
Who taught me, and I own'd the WOLF my Foe,
Nor envy'd him his just Desert and Praise, 41
Nor by his Merit would my Fortune raise ;
Nor trumpeted myself, my proper Fame,
Nor when I got, refus'd to share the Game.
While ISGRIM and the BEAR the Weak devour
Insult the People, and abuse your Pow'r.

- So spoke the FOX— Yet all the Senate seem'd
Or deaf, or what he said, a Fable deem'd.
Rude Murmurs thro' the great Assembly ran.
Then RENARD rose— And in a Heat began. 50

Who

Chap. xiii. or, the FOX, &c. 259

Who dares defame me, or affirm I Lie:
To War, and mortal Combar, I defie.
He that has wrong'd me, if he does me right,
Will prove his Scandal, or accept the Fight.

260 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

CHAP. XIV.

*Things veer about, and now 'tis plan
The Fox will come in Play again.
The King like other Folks appears
Dispos'd to set them by the Ears.
Beasts by the Sword, and so did Men,
Decide their Controversies then.
Ev'n Heroes, if they chanc'd to spy
A golden Lock, or sparkling Eye,
Believ'd, to vindicate the Fair,
Nor Man they ought, nor Beast to spare;
But at their Sabre's Point to prove,
She only did deserve their Love.*

KING LION—To the Fox at last we yield.
And grant you the just Trial of the Field;
All partial Prejudice shall be remov'd,
We'll deem you guiltless, till the Crimes are prov'd,
Or let your Foes their Witnesses produce,
Or try't by Arms, if they the Law refuse.

Thanks

Chap. xiv. *or, the FOX*, &c. 261

Thanks to my Liege, the Combat, Sir, I pray,
For how can I be safe another Way?
My Friend's no more, his Murder's laid to me,
The Chaplain dead — How else can I be free? 10
This urg'd the Traitors, or they ne're had thought
To load my Innocence with such a Fault.
Thanks to my Liege, that I shall clear my Fame,
Or die to justifie my injur'd Name.
Blood cries for Vengeance, 't will be found in Time,
Who did it, and, how much I scorn the Crime.

The King to R E N A R D — Thou art free to go
To seek the Treasure, and the Truth to know,
All Officers to help thee we'l command, 19
Our Servants shall be thine, with Heart and Hand.
Wilds, quo' the F o x, and Forests I'l explore,
The Midland Provinces, and spreading Shoar.

262 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

Nor parching Heat will fear, nor biting Frost,
To find the Jewels, and the Pictures lost.

Then I SGRIM— (Who no longer could en-
dure,
To see the Villain in his Fraud secure)
What are you mad, my Sov'reign Lord, to save
So lewd a Rebel, and to trust a Knave.
To dreadful Dangers you your Realms expose,
To Murders, Robberies, and former Woes. 30
The Thief with other Treasons I can charge,
And prove 'em, if you give me time at large.
Or, since I'm challeng'd to the Field, I dare
The guileful Coward, and accept the War.

The End of the Third Book.

BOOK

BOOK IV.

FOOLS *Athens* saw with Pleasure on the
Stage,

And *Rome* beheld 'em in the sacred Page.

Rome great in Arts, in Eloquence and Wit,

In Arms, in Policy, in all Things great.

In ev'ry Age some Genius there did rise,

And War declar'd with Folly, and with Vice.

Lucilius first his biting Satyrs shew'd,

And *Horace*, while he flatter'd, lash'd the Proud.

Next, furious *Juvenal* to rage began,

A Beast he painted, and he call'd it Man. 10

We faintly copy him, and turn the Jest,

Man we have painted, and we call it Beast.

Satyr since chang'd, a strumpet-Muse is grown;

A filthy Libel, or a lewd Lampoon :

264 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

Or factious Scandal, or Fanatick Rage,
The Press debauches, and corrupts the Stage.
Plain Truth they tell you, may ill Blood create :
To lash the Fav'rite, is to touch the State.
Malice, in this poor Fable, will invent
Names, for the Beasts, the Poet never meant. 20
But if his Character by Fortune hits,
If his Beast's Hide a human Figure fits.
If Truth sincerely told, the bad offends,
The just and sober will be still his Friends.
The sober and the just shall judge his Cause,
To these he leaves his Poem, and the Laws.
This side, nor that he partially prefers,
He courts no Fav'rite, and no Faction fears ;
Nor thinks himself so wise by what he says,
This Party to provoke, or that to please. 30
For as he wou'd n't those who fall despise,
He scorns as much to flatter such as rise.

All

All fiery Zealots he abhors, and those
Whom Envy joyn'd, or Interest, with our Foes :
And if in any Thing he does excel,
'Tis loving such as with his Country well.
Let Slaves the Fortunate and Great carefs,
And Pensions, (if they can) and Posts possess.
False mercenary Patriots, let them praise, 39
Their Interest to enlarge, and croud their Plays.
Ungrateful to their Prince, his Deeds condemn,
Whose Glory was their Wonder, and their Theme.
But Want, they should n't to excuse it, plead,
Nor Promises of Gold, nor future Bread.
A miserable Plea, and those, we fear,
That sell their Praises, sell 'em much too dear.
The Muse wants little, if the Man is wise,
And Avarice was ne're a Poets Vice.

266 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

CHAP. I.

ARGUMENT.

*The WOLF his cruel Charge begins,
A dire Account of RENARD'S Sins:
His Cause the better to support,
A Cuckold proves himself in Court.
With him the Matter's somewhat worse,
There seems no Room for a Divorce;
And no Elopement in the Case,
But what was done, was to his Face.
The FOX to play his lawless Game,
At Disadvantage caught the Dame.*

THE Judges sat — The King above the rest.
Sir ISGRIM thus his Grievances exprest.
May't please your Majesty; By vile Deceit
The Rascal has abus'd my loyal Mate:
Ev'n in my Presence, he debauch'd my Spouse,
And fixt his Antlers on my honest Brow's.

If

Chap. i. *or, the FOX, &c.* 267

If Fate resolv'd a Cuckold I should be,
Gods! was there none to do the Trick, but he?
One Winter, to my House, the Letcher came,
And tempted me to Fish, and ask'd my Dame; 10
Good store of Gudgeons, are in yonder Pool,
My Wife went with him, like an easie Fool;
I follow'd after, and in time I came,
To see, alas! tho' not prevent my Shame.
Madam, quo' R E N A R D, you must wet your Toe.
Nor flinch at Frost, nor be afraid of Snow.
Fish in that Hole, I'll warrant you have luck;
So down she leap'd, and in the Ice was stuck.
How could my Lady then her Honour save,
Nor passively admit the filthy Slave. 20
Too easily he work'd his wicked Will,
And fled my Vengeance, and he flies it still.
My Lady wept, and mightily took on,
The Rogue insulted that the Deed was done;

And

If

268 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

And pointing with his Fingers at his Brows,
He left me to relieve my injur'd Spouse :
So frozen, and with Ice so girt about,
That much I had to do to get her out.
I fear'd my Labour, and my Love would fail,
When forth I pull'd her, but she lost her Tail. 30
The Noise the Neighb'ring Villages alarm'd,
And out the Peasants came upon us arm'd.
This the most anxious Trouble of my Life,
A weary'd Body, and a wounded Wife.
What Hope, that we could both escape by Flight,
Or I defend us by my single Might ?
Bruis'd, beaten, we retreated from the Foe,
And all this Honour to the Traitor owe.
O King, consider ; what I say is true,
Consider then with whom you have to do. 40
A Thief, a foul Adult'rer, and a Cheat :
What Mischief, may he not, if sav'd, commit ?

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

If RENARD can get clear of this,
You'l grant it is a Master-piece.
The matter's plain; the patient Beast,
Himself has Cuckoldom confest.
Such overt Acts, he says he saw,
As serve for Evidence in Law;
And yet you'l see the Wight's no more
Confounded than he was before;
But turn'd it with a Jest aside,
Nor wholly own'd it, nor deny'd.

KING LION sagely to the WOLF replies,
Your Lady's we believe, discreet and
wife.

To what she says, we'l readily give Ear,
Yet RENARD, as the Law requires, must hear.
Sir ISGRIM is indeed a pretious Blade,
A pretty Speech the noble Knight has made.

By

270 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

By Statute he's a Cuckold, quo' the Fox,
As much as *Mac* ——— *d*, or Brother *Cox*.

The Fact was this; his Wife I would have taught
How Gudgeons might with Ease, and Jacks be
caught. 10

The stubborn Dame ne're minded what I said,
But in the fous'd, and like a Fool she sped.

In Mud and Ice she waded to her Chin;
Hard to get out, as easie to get in.

I help'd her what I could — The WOLF was by }
And curs'd and swore, and threatn'd I shou'd die, }
That, guiltless as I was, 'twas Time to fly. }

His own rude Bellowings, and Madam's Groans
Rais'd the next Village, and alarm'd the Clowns.
'Tis likely, were it true, the Sot would tell, 20
His Wife has in a Corner us'd me well;

The

Chap. ii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 271

The Dame's my Cousin, Sir, and if I cou'd,
D'ye think I'd meddle with my Flesh and Blood,
Sir I SGRIM with his Forehead may be free,
But never let him lay his Horns to me.

The Wight grown weary of an old Intrigue,
Provok'd his Mistress, who with Vengeance big,
Thus rattles in his Ears— "You beastly Knave,
Your vile Assault, and wicked Lust I wave.
Once at our Well, as I my Water drew, 30
Whom, in the Bucket, had I got but you?
I ask'd, affrighted, what you did below,
A Fishing, you repli'd, and told me how;
You pleasantly had spent an Evening there,
And Eels and Crawfish were your Worship's Fare:
You knew my Mouth wou'd water at the Bair,
So down I went to see what I could get.
The Rascal promis'd while I fish'd below,
To guard my Pitcher, and observe the Foe.

Yet

272 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

Yet when the Peasants (*Collin* in the Van) 40
Approach'd, away the nimble Coward ran;
Nor gave me Notice, who amid the strife,
Thro' Difficulties dire, came off with Life.

I'm sorry, says the F O X, it so fell out,
Your Ladyship may patch your batter'd Snout;
One large enough, you easily may find,
But, Madam, how'l you do to patch behind?
Considering what's behind, and what's before,
You shou'd have minded your Posteriors more:
Your Tail was both for Ornament and Use,
And the worst Limb, a Lady W O L F can lose.

See, Sir, says I S G R I M, see the Villain's Way
Accustom'd on his Cullies thusto play.
To me or mine, when he has Mischief done,
He grins, and sets his fellow Scoffers on:
Full well he knows the Place, the Minuit when,
And who the Scoffers were, and what I mean.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

*The King and Parliament appear
Dispos'd, the Criminal to hear,
And he is satisfy'd as well;
The Story he has made to tell:
His Fraud the better to disguise,
Some Truth he mingles with his Lies:
As late with Grumblers 'twas the Fashion,
He's free with ISGRIM's Reputation;
At Clubs he does n't, nor Cabals,
Clandestinely disperse his Tales,
But tho' the Knight has got a Place,
He proves his Rog'ries to his Face.*

WHat Booby, in his own Disgrace, would
name

A Business, which should make him blush for
shame.

T

This

274 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

This Scoffing. Sir, this Mischief he pretends,
Long since befel him, when we Both were
Friends.

Thro' *Saxon* Forests, and o're *Misnian* Plains
We went, and plunder'd as we went, the Swains;
A Cave, the Glutton on a Mountain spied,
There's Prog within it, let us search he cried;
He long'd, and ran at ev'ry thing he saw,
Yet ne're could fill his ever-craving Maw. 10
Of all Your Slaves the most voracious Beast,
Two more such *Cormorants*, would starve the
rest;

Not *Moreton* did his Mutton, thus devour:
His Greedy Paunch will ever keep him Poor.
I knew him hungry, and to set him on,
A Prize, Sir *ISGRIM*, we shall feast anon;
Watch You, I'll see if any one's at home,
And if there's Victuals in the House, have some.

Agreed,

Chap. xiii. *or, the FOX, &c.* 275

Agreed, says I SGRIM, I'll attend you here,
And soon be with you, if I like Your Fare. 20
I went, and found a Beldam at the Cell,
As frightful, as she just had rose from Hell;
'Twas Madam MONKEY, and about the Lugs
Six Infant Monsters at her Sable Dugs.
The Fop her Husband, had besides a Miss,
Vain of her Person, yet as Foul as this.
The Brats affrighted, on the Stranger star'd,
And the Witch curs'd to see her Children scar'd;
Whom thus I flatter'd; for my Unkle said
Good Words cost nothing, but we Pay for
Bad: 30

I beg you, Madam, by your Youthful Charms,
By those Dear Creatures in Your Lovely Arms,
Pity a Wanderer, to my wants be kind,
For Pity, always is with Beauty join'd.
Strait was her Table, to receive me, spread,

276 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

And out she brings the very Best she had;
A Meal I made, and Madam brought me some
To carry to my Wife and Sons at home:
I thank'd her for her Charity, with Tears,
And swore, as bound in Duty, to be Hers. 40
The Meat to ISGRIM, when we met, I gave,
And, Gentlemen, you see what Thanks I have;
The Glutton staid, and ask'd me when I came,
What House she kept, and how I lik'd the
Dame.

Her House is not so tempting as her Cheer,
Quoth I, nor is the Lady over-Fair;
I can't incourage you to go: You'll find
Her Face is scarce so Ugly as her Mind;
Yet if you'll try, I tell you this before,
You must not Hector there, my Friend! nor
roar: 50

Your

Chap. xiv. *or, the FOX, &c.* 277

Your Suit, in Civil Language must be told,
For I'm mistaken, or the Jade's a Scold.

Away he trots; and, as the Fool drew near,
Bless me! he cried, What Monster have we
here;

Tell me, Good Fury, are the Brats I see,
Some Fiends Production, or belong to Thee?
Gods! were they mine, to Breed 'em I should
scorn;

But Drown 'em all like Kittens, soon as Born
Ye Foul-mouth'd Villain, says the Hag, be gone,
Thy Wife can shew thee Uglier of thy own; 60
Beasts of more Worth, and other Parts than thine,
Think Better Words are due to Me and Mine.
The FOX, Your humble Servant, Sir, she means,
Who heard her Complement, behind the Scenes.
The WOLF— You old Abominable Slut,
I'm hungry, Housewife, set your Vittals out,

278 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV

To kennel with your Puppies, Come, you Beast,
And thank me that I deign to be your Guest.
To Battle ISGRIM and the Beldam go,
And Word for Word she gives, and Blow for
Blow; 79

Her Sons too, join'd and made their Party good,
And dearly ISGRIM paid, for being rude.
You see, Sir, had the Griping Beast been Wise,
Or hearken'd to a Friends sincere Advice,
The Scoffing and the Scuffle he was in
(His Hostess unprovok'd) had never been.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

*Sir ISGRIM gives the FOX the Lie,
And ends his Speech with a Defie;
'To Combat dire, his Foe he dares,
And thence ensue Disastrous Wars.
So Nations, in Heroick Song,
When Armies have disputed long,
Two Doughty Champions choose to fight;
And he that Conquers, has the Right.
The Story on his Death depends,
Down drops the Knight, and so it ends.*

THEN ISGRIM raging with Resentment
rose,

This Business, RENARD, we must end with
Blows,

I scorn to scold, and wear my Father's Sword,
To right my Wrongs, and justifie my Word,

280 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

As a Good Knight, my Glove I throw thee there,
A Traitor, Thee to deadly Combat dare,
Thy Cunning, to my Honest Cause shall yield,
Trick will not serve a Coward in the Field.
The Fox, who knew the Foe's superior Might,
To Hang was equally averse, or Fight. 10
Yet since he must, the one or other choose;
He thought the Battle better than the Noose.
His Conduct, with Sir ISGRIM's Courage
weigh'd,
He inly fortified himself; and said,
What have we here another *Hackum* got,
Who boasts how nicely he can cut a Throat:
Your Challenge I accept, I hope anon
To Cool your Heat, and bring your Mettle
down.
His Majesty we pray to view the Fight,
And see his Heralds do the Champions Right. 20

Your

Your Combat we allow, replies the King;
And will Our self, attend you to the Ring.

For Seconds to the *WOLF*, the *CAT* and
BEAR:

For *RENARD*, to observe that all was Fair,
The *BADGER* and a Junior *APR* appear.

282 *The Crafty Courtiers, Book IV.*

CHAP. V.

*The Warrior Fox to fight persists,
And noints and arms him for the Lists;
Provision requisite he makes;
Yet apprehending Danger, shakes.
Queen Consort bids him, as a Friend;
On Martial Policy depend;
And tells him, if his Strength should fail,
By Tricking how he might prevail.
She seems this Counsel to advance,
From Sister Maintenon of France,
To please her Cully; who declares
For Fraud and Treachery in Wars,
His Heroes she allows to run,
When e're they are not Ten to One;
Nor till 'tis bought, t' attack a Town,
To save the Honour of the Crown.*

THE Battle fix'd, the Time appointed set,
The Fox's Neighbours to advise him
met;

Old

Chap. i. or, the F O X, &c. 283

Old Mother MONKY an experienc'd Dame,
And the Queen's Majesty, to Council came ;
First Lady APE her sage Opinion gave,
The Queen exhorts him to be Wise and Brave ;
From Spells to free 'em, and infernal Charms,
Your Ordinary ought to bless your Arms.
Go Fasting to the Field ; the Stomach full,
The Body's heavy, and the Soul is dull: 10
To fight, your *English* Soldiers fancy't best,
With Belly full of Beef, but that's a Jest.
Your utmost Cunning, RENARD, you must use,
No way to Conquest, no Advantage lose ;
Shave, Noint, and when you're ready for the Fray,
Run round the List, and keep the Foe in play ;
Retain your Urine till you piss a Pool,
Then wet your Tail, and dash it on the Fool ;
Dust in his Eies, upon the Water fling,
I'll warrant, if 'tis like my own, 'twill sting. 20

Then

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Then take your Time, and when he's tyr'd and
blind,

This Hector seize, and to the Pillar bind;

We Women wholly on your side declare,

And Victory is always with the Fair.

She said — Her Champion now with Hope revives,

His Soul to Joy, to Sleep his Body gives;

Till Day returning in the ruddy Skies,

And sounding Trumpets summon him to rise.

He wakes, and starting from his Couch, prepares

To fight, which little as he can, he fears. 30

The Queen's Advice for Fasting, he forgets,

And on a stragling Goose, his Courage whets.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*The Monarch when he sees the Fox
With noited Limbs, and shaven Locks,
Smiles Gracious on him from the Throne;
So Theseus look'd on Palemon.
So grac'd the Cirque, as Chaucer sung,
And so the Field with Clamours rung;
When Arcite and his Rival Knight,
For Emily the Fair must fight.
And which was very kind, you'll say,
King LION's Vinegar to Day.*

HIS Hair he shaves, his Limbs and supple
Joints,
With Balm perfum'd, and odorous Ointment
noints ;

His Majesty is pleas'd to see the Wight
So spruce, so well prepared for the Fight:
Go RENARD — Glory calls Thee to the Field,
And a rich Harvest to the Lord will yield.
Lowly

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Lowly our Hero to his Master bows,
Thanks his good Wilhes, and his Royal Spouse.
Next ISGRIM, foaming with invet'rate Rage,
Advances, follow'd by the CAT his Page; 10
He bragg'd so much before the Fight begun,
That all believ'd poor RENARD's Business done.
Our Knights within the List, the Marshal puts,
The Croud disperses, and the Postern shuts;
Then Madam MONKY to her Friend, be sure
Remember what was said, and all's secure.
Courage, and Conquest, quo' the Queen; the
 Knave
Swears 'tis Her Beauty that must make him
 Brave;
And in Her Prefence if he dar'd to fly, 19
With Torrure he deserv'd, and Shame to Die.

C H A P. VII.

*Arms and the Beast we mean to sing,
Who got the Better in the Ring.
The FOX his Artifices tries,
And ISGRIM on his Strength relies;
But Strength, to Cunning must submit,
And Courage often yield to Wit.
As oft in Fields of Lincolns-Inn,
A Cornish Strippling you have seen,
O're Yorkshire Loon a lofty Blade,
Triumph, and fling him o're his Head.*

NOT *Quixot*, famous in Romantick Tale,
Nor *Ralph*, nor *Hudibras* in Coat of
Mail,

More Conduct than the *Fox*, more Courage
shew'd;

Nor fought so long and spilt so little Blood.

Disastrous Acts we Sing; of Knocks and Blows,

And Deeds offensive to the Sight and Nose.

For

288 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

For if a Champion has been Cudgel'd well,
'Tis no great Wonder, should he chance to smell
The WOLF, came roaring on the FOX, who
flies,

Runs round the Circle, and to tire him, tries. 10
He Pisses on his Tail in proper Place,
And throws it in his Adversaries Face:

Thus the Queen counsel'd; But Sir ISGRIM
seiz'd;

And sorely, when he caught his Foe, distressed.
He kicks, he thumps, he holds him in his Teeth,
And RENARD is in mortal Fear of Death,
No Hope for him remains, to gain by Strife;
Down Cowardly he falls, and begs for Life
With Hands uplifted, and a Flood of Tears;
Yet while he prays for Mercy, he despairs. 20
Your Friend I beg you, Noble ISGRIM save:
By your Dear Mother in her silent Grave,

By

Chap. vii. or, the FOX, &c. 289

By Heav'n I pray you, by the Saints above,
By every thing you honour most, or love,
A poor unhappy Wretch, in pity save,
Who vows himself eternally your Slave.

Vain as thou art, my Pity to implore,
'Tis past, quoth ISGRIM, thou shalt cheat no
more;

I'll free the World of such a faithless Beast, 9
And Ravens on thy Corps, and Crows shall feast;
Thy Wife her Spouse, thy Sons their Father slain,
Shall see Unburied on the neighb'ring Plain,
Or thrown to feed the Monsters of the Main.

He said — And while he spoke, the Wight
perceiv'd

A way to punish him, and be reliev'd;
Then boldly he again renew'd the War,
And caught him by the Part he least could spare,

U Unlucky

290 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

Unlucky was his hold, and grip'd his Foe;
Who pull'd and whin'd, but whining would n't do:
His Threats he saw, his Curses were in vain, 20
And striving to get out increas'd his pain;
Fast RENARD held him, and so long he bore
The Rack, his Bowels could retain no more;
But spite of Decency and future Shame,
He vents his Rage, and out his Vengeance came,
Shot backward on the Company and Court
A Shower obscene, their Poison and their Sport.
With burning Spices and Perfumes, the Fair
Attempted, if they could, to scent the Air; 29
The Ladies from their Seats, the Gallants shrunk,
So Hellishly the vanquish'd Hero stunk.
The King no longer could the Smell endure,
His Queen bespatter'd, and his Throne impure,
He bids the Heralds thro' the Martial Field
Proclaim, That ISGRIM did to RENARD yield.
The

The WOLF for Liberty, confess'd his Shame,
And Bards made Ballads on the F O X's Fame.

CHAP. VIII.

*The King of Beasts commands a Peace,
That Feuds and Civil discord cease ;
A Message to the Knights he sends,
And bids 'em, by the PARD, be Friends.
A Peace is made, and may by chance
No better prove, than that with France,
Whose Master, like an Honest Man,
Breaks only every League he can ;
For Peace effeminates the Brave,
And makes a Rebel of a Slave.
So Tyrants with Ambition blind,
Abuse the Blessings of Mankind.*

A Gain the Monarch of the Woods commands
Strict Silence, thro' his loud Tumultuous
Bands;

292 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book III.

The PARD is chosen to conclude the War,
And thus his Master's Pleasure to declare;
To You, Victorious RENARD, first I bring
A Wreath of Conquest, from our Victor King,
A Triumph in your Honour he decrees,
And Wills, to crown it, that you sign the Peace.
The Foe, quo' RENARD, I have forc'd to yield,
And Right is mine, and the disputed Field; 10
To Triumph too is mine, a Victors Name,
And more, the Glory to have clear'd my Fame;
Yet humbly let me of my King intreat,
That both, may what is past, to day forget;
That none presume, insultingly, to name
Or who was overcome, or overcame:
That ISGRIM to his Seat may be restor'd,
And the just Favour of our Gracious Lord.
So Gen'rous Conq'rours in the chase of Fame,
Ne're conquer to insult the Proud, but tame. 20

Chap. viii. or, *the FOX*, &c. 293

A Thousand Friends, he never saw before,
Fawn on the Victor now the Battle's o're;
Ev'n those who Voted to condemn him, now
Their Lives and Fortunes at his Service vow.
In long Procession to the Court they march
Thro' Lanes of Soldiers, and a lacker'd Arch;
The Youth to RENARD Songs of Triumph sing,
And Hill and Dale with *Io Paan's* ring;
Io Victoria — King and Senate cry,
Io Victoria — All the Croud reply. 30

The FOX, returning from the Glorious Field,
Bow'd to his Peers, and to their Monarch kneel'd,
Who gently rais'd him from the Ground, and said,
Your Foe in Triumph you have Nobly led,
Your Wrongs are righted; give the WOLF your
Hand;

I bad the War, and now the Peace command.

CHAP. IX.

*If Fortune flatters and is Kind,
A multitude of Friends you'll find;
But when the Filt begins to frown,
Your Friendship none of 'em will own:
Yet if your Sun again should shine,
A Dinner and a Flask of Wine,
For past Disgraces makes amends,
And they're again, Your Worthy Friends.*

TO what Your Majesty is pleas'd to Will,
You'll find me, says the Wight, obedient
still;

Be Witness; ISGRIM, to my King declare,
[Reflecting] have I heightned your despair;
Ev'n I, as ill as you deserve it, grieve,
Your Friends so basely can their Patron leave;

Chap. ix. *or, the FOX, &c.* 295

So are all Friends, and ever will be so,
They'l flatter you, while Wealth and Favour flow.
Flow Wealth and Favour, for when these are gone;
Your Friends and Flatterers will follow soon:
All love to sail before a smiling Gale, II
Like JOWLER's Brethren in an Ancient Tale,

A Man, a Justice of the Peace,
For by his Equipage, we guess
His Worship could n't well be less;
Of Dogs a Kennel kept:

Tho' Scandal says, the Mannour-Lord,
No better Keeping could afford
Than Crumbs, which dropt from Dresser-
Board,
Or out of Doors were swept. 20

296 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

Old JOWLER, who had nothing got,
And saw a Gammon in the Pot,
Leapt up, and seiz'd it boiling hot,
Than Cook or Scullen quicker;

The Wenches rav'd, as Cooks will do,
The Pudding after it they threw
On JOWLER's Back and Buttocks too,
And flay'd him with the Liquor.

His Brethren waiting at the Gate,
The Gammon saw, and bless'd his Fate, 30
And thus to one another chat;

Old JOWLER is in Favour.

Let's flatter him, quoth one, and try,
If by his Interest, you and I

Can

Chap. ix. or, *the F O X*, &c. 297

Can get a Morfel by the by ;

I hugely like the Savour.

Then JOWLER makes this Noble Speech,

Pray, Gentlemen, behold my Breech ;

I fancy it may cure your Itch

To get a Hock of Bacon.

40

Bess threw the Pudding, Pot and Platter,

And burnt my Bum with boiling Water,

And worse I fear, had been the matter,

If haply I 'd been taken.

Is this, they cry, the Fav'rite Dog,

'Tis like we suffer for the Rogue ;

This e'nt the Rascals only Crime,

He'l certainly be hang'd in time.

I'll diligently shun such Friends as these,

And only strive my King and Heav'n to please.

CHAP.

298 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

CHAP. X.

By what has happen'd, we presume
You'l hardly guess at what's to come;
For tho' the FOX is Battle-proof,
And has good Qualities enough,
Some People may not take it well,
To see him lug about the Seal;
They grant, his Flattery and Wit,
May make him for a Courtier, fit;
But Honesty, they say, and Grace
Should recommend him to the Mace.

THE King of Beasts, exalted on his Throne,
In ample Senate; When the War was
done,

Thus speaks his People — We your Complaints have
heard,

And RENARD'S Wrongs, and will his Worth
reward;

His

Chap. x. *or, the FOX, &c.* 299

His Wisdom, his Experience, and his Zeal,
Deserve our Favour, and demand the Seal;
To Court we call him, and Our high Affairs,
And on his Shoulders, ease our Royal Cares;
Him we Commission, in Our room to sway 9
The State; and Him, we bid the Realms obey;
No murmurs at his Ministry we'll hear,
And where he sits, believe the King is there:
His Genius, like the Place he fills, is large,
And well he knows to execute his Charge.
He in Our Name, shall Embassies receive,
Him Pow'r to treat and to conclude, we give,
To hear all Causes, and when heard, Decree;
And suffer no Appeal from him to be:
No Plaintiff, at his Bar, will sue in vain,
No Cause that he has judg'd, be judg'd again; 20
His Sentence is diffinitive and just:
We find him True, and in his Care we trust.

No

300 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

No Bigot he ; no lazy thoughtless Drone,
A Burthen to himself, and to the Throne;
Active and Eloquent, and on the Watch,
Your Rights disputed, he'l with ease dispatch:
His Judgment won't be byas'd by our Will,
Nor Pow'r, nor Parties tempt him to do Ill;
Strict to the Rules which Equity prescribes,
He'l fear no Faction, and accept no Bribes. 30
Such is the Person, We prefer to day
To Rule, and such you will with Joy obey.
The Senate at their Sovereign's Speech are mute,
Who dares his Reasons, or his Choice dispute?
He thinks him Honest, and what sawcy Slave,
Suspects a Minister of State, a Knave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The FOX to see his loyal Spouse,
And take his Farewel of his House,
Victorious, to his Castle goes,
O're Malice and his num'rous Foes ;
The Cause is try'd, the Battle o're,
And RENARD's Greater than before ;
And many, when a Man is Brave,
Can scarce believe he is a Knave.
Learn You, who wou'd subdue your Foe,
Nor Heat, nor Prejudice to shew ;
The World, as in a Modern Case,
Will think you hate him for his Place.

COU'D we, like happy *Mavius*, touch the
Soul,

Your Passions conquer, and your Rage controul,
To Pity, we would move the Fair and Young,
And melt 'em down, like Metal, with our
Song ;

To

302 *The Crafty Courtiers,* Book IV.

To sob, the Ladies we'd compel, and sigh,
For Ah! A sad Catastrophe is nigh;
You all shou'd in the Poet's Trap be caught,
Nor Onions better work, than what we wrote:
So tender all shou'd be, and all so smooth,
We'd gain the People, and the Criticks sooth, 10
Yet these we fear, a Tyrant WOLF, wou'd say,
Is a damn'd Hero for a moving Play;
Tho' more, than lately have in others been,
A Dagger we could shew, or Hanging Scene.
Sir ISGRIM's now disputing, if to swing,
Or stab, or from a Rock his Body fling;
But since you're merry all, we scorn to tell
Such Tidings terrible, as how he fell;
To him we leave the Melancholy Work, 19
Who sung the *Tartar*, and who chain'd the *Turk*;
Enough, we witness that in deep Despair
He went, we know not how, we know not where:
While

Chap. xi. or, *the FOX*, &c. 303

While lucky RENARD is, at Court caress'd,
And hopes in time, to be a Lord at least.
The King and Queen, his future Absence mourn,
And vow he sha' not go, but to return.
What can the Wight reply, to Grace so great!
The King's he kisses, and his Consort's Feet;
Still kneeling to the Throne, this Speech he made;
A Topping Speech— for speaking was his Trade:
“ Oh King! To whom I bend with sacred Awe
“ And You, the Fairest Queen we ever saw, 32
“ Long may you Reign; as *Nestor* did of Old,
“ And in your Days, restore an Age of Gold:
“ Long may you reign in Plenty and in Peace,
“ And as Heav'n blesses you; your Subjects bless
A short Oration, to the Court's Content;
So, loaden he with Royal Presents went.
His Clients and his Friends, a num'rous Train,
Whom Conquest, Favour, and Preferment gain,
Wait

304 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

Wait on the Wight ; and as they homeward walk,
Their Way they shorten with diverting Talk. 42
To these the Fox — You find our Mighty Foes,
By Malice neither could prevail, nor Blows ;
Past Peril let's forget, and past Disgrace,
The Times are changing, and will mend apace ;
Our Master's Bountiful ; as He to me,
So Generous and Good, to you I'll be.
Who's question now, that hears this Story told,
If Wisdom e'nt to be prefer'd to Gold. 50
So RENARD on his Fraud, his Fortune built ;
So cully'd he a Court, and hid his Guilt.
And has it not been known, nor practis'd since,
That Knaves, like RENARD, have deceiv'd their
Prince ;
That Truth, Sincerity, and Worth ; in short,
That Vertue does not always thrive at Court.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

*The Convoy to the Castle come,
A merry House they meet at home;
For Madam RENARD joys, to hear
Her Husband's to be made a Peer,
And have a Place; and end the strife;
To sit above the Vicar's Wife.
So Country-Romp and City-Dame
Would have the Brewer lace his Name;
And if he comes from Shew Undub'd,
He's rattl'd, and, it may be, drub'd.*

WHEN RENARD had his rising Tow'rs
in view,

He stop'd, and flatter'd his officious Crew;
He bids 'em as he fares, expect to fare,
His future Fortune, and his Pow'r to share:

306 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV:

A chosen Few, and whom he fancy'd best,
To stay he beckon'd, and dismiss the rest.
When Rumor spread about, the Fox return'd,
His Wife rejoices, as before she mourn'd:
A Conqu'ror, pardon'd and advanc'd, she fears
To think it real, and to trust her Ears; 10
His dear Embraces soon her doubts destroy;
She sees, she clasps him, and exults with Joy:
His Sons transported, and his Servants, see
Their Father, and their Lord, from Peril free.

Then RENARD to his Wife— The King, my
Dear,

The Queen, are Gracious, as they always were;
He gives to me the Mace, the Royal Seal,
And to my Care, consigns the publick Weal;
With Honour, he has call'd me since I went,
To Rule; and I am now the Government: 20

My

Chap. xii. or, *the FOX*, &c. 307

My Fight with ISGRIM, you have heard by
Fame,

And how my Bully-rock I overcame;

'Tis a foul Story, and if told, I fear

The Smell, would discompose my Lady's
Ear.

Her Ladyship, to shew she knew it, smil'd,

And *Rossil* laugh'd aloud (his youngest Child)

The Dame to RENARD — We rejoice with
you,

And ever may you thus, your Foes subdue:

Hence Danger and her Sister Fear, let
Peace,

Pleasure and Plenty, in your House, in-
crease. 30

The FOX admir'd, like men in Pow'r, and
prais'd;

Secure, above the Rage of Factions, rais'd,

308 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

To mend he promises ; but thus he swore,
Tho' long he did n't keep his Vow, before :
As Great in Favour, if he grows in Grace,
He's the first Beast, that mended by a Place.

4 NO 50

The End of the Last Book.

CONCLUSION.

IN what the Grave will ask us, and the
Wife,

In what the Moral of the Fable lies;

Plain is the Lesson of our humble Tale:

That Fraud, and Flattery at Court prevail.

The Lay-man's Vices, and the Clergy's Crimes;

In *Roman* Courts, and in the Ancient Times.

True *English* Protestants know better Things,

And better are our Courts, and Modern Kings;

Wife are our Officers, and Learn'd our Priests,

And scorn to imitate a Race of Beasts: 10

Pure in their Doctrine, in their Morals Grave;

To win the Wilful, and the Wicked save:

No

310 *The Crafty Courtiers*, Book IV.

No Faction these, no cruel Tenets teach,
But their whole Lives confirm the Truths they
Preach.

If others in our Bestial Herd you view,
We fear not Censure, if your Picture's true;
What Law obliges us? What other Rules
To manage Hypocrites, or flatter Fools.

No Quarrels of our own, no private Wrong,
Nor Passions; mingled with the General
Song. 20

Cease, cease thy Allegories, peevish Muse,
Beware, lest Satyr sinks into Abuse;
To Better Judgements leave the Publick Cares,
And turn thy Splenetick Complaints, to
Pray'rs

For *England*, and for all in Place and Pow'r,
Whose Hearts are *English*, and whose Hands are
Pure;

Present

Present the Reader with a Nobler Scene,
A Court refin'd, a Senate; and a Queen
A Fair Defender of our Faith, and Law;
And only Worthy to succeed *NASSAU*. 30

F I N I S.

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Stationers-Hall.

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